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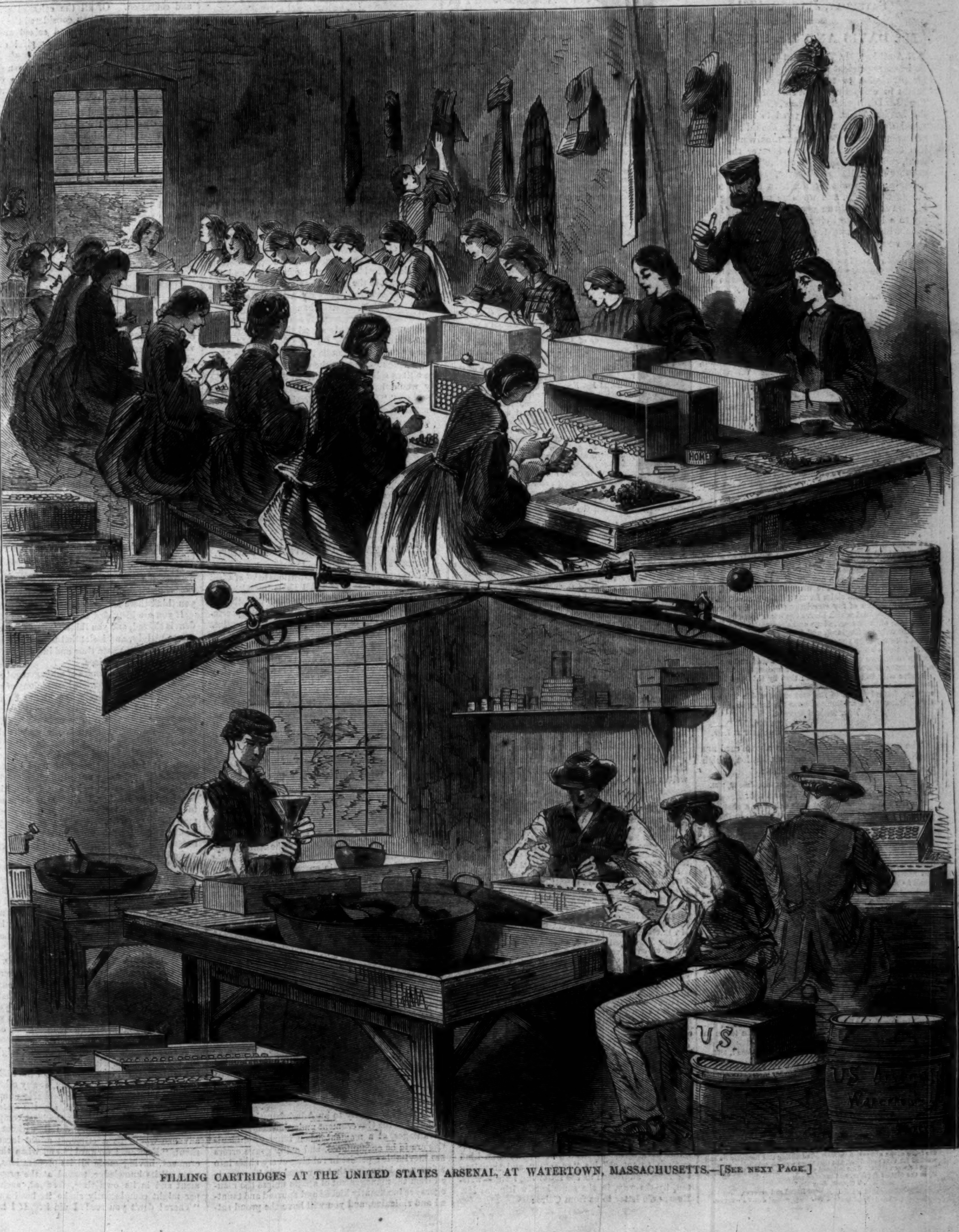


FILLING CARTRIDGES AT THE UNITED STATES ARSENAL, AT WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See next Page.]

FILLING CARTRIDGES.

WE give on the preceding page a picture of the operation of FILLING CARTRIDGES at the United States Arsenal at Watertown, Massachusetts. At this establishment some 300 operatives are kept constantly at work making war material. The powder (of which the best is used, a large quantity which came back from the Mexican war being thrown aside for fear it may not be good) is inserted in the cartridge by men, as shown in the lower picture. The bullet is inserted by girls, as shown in the picture above. At least seventy girls and women are kept constantly employed at Watertown in this avocation. The amount of cartridges turned out daily at this factory alone is enormous; and it is evident that, in the course of a few weeks, there will be no lack of this material of war, at all events.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

MR. DAVIS AND MR. RUSSELL.

IN April last, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, our artist-correspondent at Washington, applied to us for permission to travel through the Southern States in company with WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Barrister at Law, Correspondent of the London *Times*. We agreed to the proposal, stipulating only that Mr. DAVIS should make such arrangements with Mr. RUSSELL as would insure him facilities for sketching wherever the latter went, and that he should be distinctly known as a member of Mr. RUSSELL's party. It was already becoming dangerous for Northern men to travel among the rebels, and we were not willing that Mr. DAVIS should run any needless risk. In reply to a letter specifying these as the conditions upon which we would agree to his proposal, Mr. DAVIS wrote:

I saw Mr. Russell yesterday, was with him at the Navy-yard, and then was with him last night. He says, tell the Editor of *Harper's Weekly* that I am charmed to have this young artist with me, and will do him any kindness in my power.

Early in May last, after Messrs. DAVIS and RUSSELL had left for the South, in an advertisement announcing the advance in the price of the *Weekly* from five to six cents, we mentioned that we had an artist with the Southern Army in Virginia, another with the Seventh Regiment in Washington, a third in Baltimore, and a fourth traveling with Mr. RUSSELL through the Southern States. This announcement elicited from Mr. RUSSELL the following card, which was published in the Mobile *Register* of May 13:

To the Editor of the Mobile Register:

SIR,—My attention has been called to a statement in *Harper's Weekly*, couched in the following words:

"The proprietors have dispatched an artist to the South in company with Mr. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*."

In reference to that statement, I have to observe that my companions are two, viz.: Mr. Ward, a personal friend, who is kind enough to act as my secretary and traveling comrade, and who has no connection whatever with any journal in the United or Confederate States, and Mr. Davis, a young artist, who is taking sketches for the *Illustrated London News*, and who assures me that he is not engaged by or connected with *Harper's Weekly*, though he formerly sent sketches to that periodical.

My position is that of a neutral, and I am employed on a mission that requires the utmost impartiality on my part, although I shall claim for myself the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations to the journal which I have the honor to serve. The expression of these convictions and observations, however, is meant only for England, and I shall not permit the position I occupy to be abused under any circumstances whatever by those who accompany me, although I have every reason to believe that their good faith would render such a guarantee or assurance on my part unnecessary.

I have only to say in addition that by this post I have forwarded to the paper in question a request that they insert my formal denial of the statement which has occasioned this communication. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your faithful servant,
W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.,
Barrister at Law.

The assertions embodied in the above card are reaffirmed in the following communication, which we have received from Mr. RUSSELL:

CAIRO, ILLINOIS, *June 20*, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly, New York:

SIR,—My attention has just been called to a sketch in your journal of the 15th inst., which is stated, in the letter-press underneath it, to have been taken by "our Artist who has been traveling with W. H. Russell, LL.D., Barrister at Law."

This reiteration of an assertion which I had already denied, in a note addressed to you from Mobile at least a month before, leads me to think that my communication can not have been received by you, particularly when I recall to mind a letter addressed to me at Jackson, Mississippi, by an unknown correspondent at Natchez, who apprised me that a statement had recently appeared in your journal distinctly asserting that I had permitted a special artist, engaged to furnish its proprietors with illustrations, to travel with me through the seceding States.

Being unable to meet with any copies of the back numbers of your journal, so as to ascertain the exact words of the statement, I beg to append the copy of a letter from the Hon. John Forsyth, Mayor of Mobile, and late one of the Southern Commissioners at Washington, elicited by a note which I addressed to him on the appearance of a paragraph in a New York daily paper, to the effect that the editor of *Harper's Weekly* was about to prove the correctness of his original statement, that he had dispatched an artist to the South in my company, which I had contradicted in the Mobile *Register* of the 12th or 13th ult., under the impression that my own word would be taken in such a matter.

MOBILE, *June* 1, 1861.

W. H. Russell, Esq., New Orleans:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 30th ult., I have to say that while you were in Mobile I took occasion in your presence to call the attention of Mr. Davis to a paragraph in *Harper's Weekly*, alleging that he was traveling in the South with Mr. Russell of the London *Times* in the capacity of artist for that journal. I had two objects in view—the first was to warn him of his danger in occupying an equivocal position, and the second whether the suspicion entertained of his integrity by some parties here was well or ill founded. Having met him in Washington, and become interested in his youth and fine talents as an artist, I desired to save him from trouble if he were innocent, as I believed he was; or to advise him to leave the South if there was reason to doubt him. I thought, at the time, that the young man exhibited some signs of embarrassment; but he certainly denied the truth of the allegation in *Harper*, admitting that formerly he had worked for that periodical, but that there was no subsisting engagement between them. This induced your publication (as I understood it) in the Mobile *Register*, and satisfied me.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your friend and servant,
(Signed) JOHN FORSYTH.

I have only to add that I know nothing of Mr. Theodore Davis except what he told me. He introduced himself to me in a book-shop at Washington, and begged he might be permitted to travel with me to the South, assigning as his plea that he was engaged to take sketches for the *Illustrated London News*, and that his previous connection with you might possibly expose him to obstructions which would be removed if I gave him the permission he so urgently entreated. If he came in any other capacity, it was not only without my knowledge, but in contravention of truth and honor, for which he is responsible.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
W. H. RUSSELL.

In reply, we have simply to state that we have every reason to believe that Mr. RUSSELL knew, when he left Washington, that Mr. DAVIS was going with him as the artist of *Harper's Weekly*, and that nothing has since occurred which ought to have impaired his knowledge of that fact.

Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS writes us as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS GENERAL WILLIAMS'S BRIGADE,
MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA, *July* 2, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—Your letter, inclosing that of Mr. Russell, is just received.

I regret exceedingly that my very agreeable and instructive intercourse with Mr. Russell—for which I am deeply indebted to him—should give rise to any misunderstanding however trivial. I can not, however, in justice to the firm which I have the honor to represent in this camp, suffer the shadow of a doubt to rest upon its integrity.

The history of my acquaintance with W. H. Russell, Esq., LL.D., can be briefly stated. One morning in April last, I met him in Frank Taylor's book store in Washington. In the course of a little chat I informed him of my connection with *Harper's Weekly*, on which the conversation turned upon our illustrated papers, and Mr. Russell invited me to call upon him that evening. When we met, in his room, at the hour appointed, the conversation turned upon illustrated journalism; in the course of our talk Mr. Russell's proposed Southern tour was mentioned, and I had the honor of receiving from him a cordial invitation to accompany him. I immediately communicated the invitation to you, and as your note in reply led me to believe you approved of my going South with Mr. Russell on certain conditions, I visited him again, and read him the paragraph in your note referring to the proposed journey. His reply was in substance as follows:

"Tell the editor of *Harper's Weekly* that I am very happy to have so pleasant a companion on my journey."

About a fortnight afterward I received a note from him announcing his approaching departure, and we left accordingly together. Previous to my departure I had been introduced to Mr. John Forsyth, and had informed him of the engagement I was under with you. Mr. Forsyth politely invited me to go to Mobile with himself and family. This courtesy I declined on the ground of my prior engagement with Mr. Russell; and I did not meet Mr. Forsyth again till we reached Mobile, when I was the recipient of fresh attentions at his hands.

One afternoon at Mobile, I found Mr. John Forsyth in company with other gentlemen in Mr. Russell's private parlor. Mr. Forsyth called my attention to a paragraph in the current number of *Harper's Weekly* stating that you had "dispatched an artist to the South in company with Mr. Russell."

I saw that a crisis had arrived. The loyal tone of the *Weekly* had rendered it most obnoxious among the rebels. Both Mr. Russell and Mr. Forsyth—both knowing perfectly well my connection with *Harper's Weekly*—cast significant looks at me; the "other gentlemen," less thoroughly informed, looked suspicious, and angry (I was afterward informed that the house was surrounded and that I ran some risk of closing my career then and there). Under the circumstances, feeling no thirst for martyrdom, no desire to embarrass Mr. Russell who had been so kind to me, and—to tell you the truth—some anger at you, for publishing a statement which might have rendered my journey futile, and endangered my life, I simply replied that "the advertisement was very strange, and I could not understand it." I permitted myself to be represented as an artist drawing for the *Illustrated London News;* and this so thoroughly satisfied the "other gentlemen" that they withdrew.

After they had gone, Mr. Russell thoughtfully advised me to leave the Confederate States before copies of *Harper's Weekly* containing my sketches should reach the South. I jocosely assured him that there was little danger, as the chances were that my drawings had been stolen from the mails by the secessionists—a prediction which was afterward verified.

I am very sorry indeed to be placed in an attitude of antagonism to Mr. Russell, to whom I am indebted for many favors and courtesies. But the fact is that both he and Mr. John Forsyth were well aware, from their first acquaintance with me, that I was the special artist of *Harper's Weekly*. And if my regard for them and for the interests of the journal I represented induced me to keep my vocation a secret at an imminent crisis in Mobile, I do not think I thereby acted dishonorably, or justified them in denying what they previously knew.

As ever, faithfully yours,
THEODORE R. DAVIS.

We are bound to say, in justice to Mr. DAVIS, whom we have ever found to be an honorable, truth-telling gentleman, that other persons confirm his version of his relations with Mr. WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, LL.D., Barrister at Law. Thus Major BEN. PERLEY POORE, of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, whose word no one will doubt, writes us as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS MASS EIGHTH, CAMP ESSEX,
MARYLAND, *June* 28, '61.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

MY DEAR SIR,—It was announced last spring in the Washington papers, and in the Washington correspondence of the New York and Philadelphia papers, that Mr. Davis, your correspondent, was about to accompany Mr. Russell Southward. I remember telling Mr. Davis that I feared this announcement might annoy Mr. Russell.

Some days afterward I was invited to the house of Mr. Franklin Philp to meet Mr. Russell. Mr. Davis was among the guests, and I well remember that when Mr. Russell came in—at a late hour—he greeted Mr. Davis as his traveling companion, etc., saying, pleasantly, "I learn our arrangements through the press." We lingered at the supper-table, and before leaving Mr. Russell again spoke to Mr. Davis about their journey together.

After Mr. Russell had left I remember congratulating Mr. Davis on the certainty of his accompanying the "Own Correspondent," which would enable him to obtain such interesting sketches for *Harper's Weekly*. Such was the decided impression left on my mind after passing the evening with the two gentlemen, and hearing Mr. Russell allude to their journeying together.

I can not remember the exact words used by Mr. Russell, but I am positive that he alluded pleasantly to the newspaper reports that Mr. Davis, artist of *Harper's Weekly*, was to accompany him; and that he afterward spoke of Mr. Davis as the young artist who was to be his traveling companion.

Mr. Russell surely can not have forgotten this, nor can I see how he could repudiate Mr. Davis.

I am "Officer of the Day," and write amidst constant interruptions, but I trust you will be able to comprehend my meaning.—Very truly yours, ever,

BEN. PERLEY POORE,
Maj. Mass. Eighth.

And on 25th May, twelve days after Mr. RUSSELL's card to the Mobile *Register* was penned, Mr. SAMUEL WARD, the gentleman whom Mr. RUSSELL calls his "personal friend who was kind enough to act as" his "secretary and traveling comrade," addressed us the following letter—written, by-the-way, in the same handwriting as Mr. RUSSELL's letter to us from Cairo:

NEW ORLEANS 25th *May*, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper Weekly:

MY DEAR SIR,—At the request of Mr. Theodore R. Davis, I take pleasure in bearing testimony to his industry, skill, and deportment in his calling.

In the present interrupted state of communications, and amidst the perilous excitements of these trying times, *it has been thought unsafe for him to continue a tour rendered unusually insecure by an indiscreet notice at the heading of your "Weekly."* I think his sketches singularly felicitous, and do not doubt, were they transferred to wood by his own pencil, that they would compare favorably with those of any illustrated periodical now published.

Hoping that this recommendation may aid the fortunes of my talented and prudent young friend, I am yours very truly,
SAMUEL WARD.

We do not wish to add a word to the foregoing. We sought no controversy with Mr. RUSSELL, whose talents we admire, and whose attentions to Mr. DAVIS we appreciate: we would much rather not have been forced to enter into the above explanations. But Mr. RUSSELL has left us no choice but to state the facts as they are.

THE LOUNGER.

THE MESSAGE.

THE Message of the President is truly American. Among all the messages of late years it is the most thoroughly democratic. With an acute perception of the essential point of the case—that this is a movement of the people or it is nothing, since the Government is nothing except as the people uphold it—he makes his statement and appeal through their representatives to the people themselves.

But still more than this. While many Presidents of many parties would have endeavored to save the Government by force of arms, not all Presidents would so clearly comprehend or so simply state what the Government was that they were saving. This Government was founded upon the rights of man; and for the first time in long years the President recognizes that fact. Presidents' messages for many years have been labored defenses of an oligarchical and aristocratic administration of the Government. At length there is a people's President, in no mean sense; and the Government of the United States is restored to its original principles. It is not a matter of party, but of patriotic congratulation.

The character and scope of our system have never been more admirably stated than in the following extract from this Message. It would have been a good thing to make the reading of the Message a special order for the day in every camp of the citizen soldiers of the United States. How the cry would have rung from the Missouri to the Penobscot, "God save the President of the United States and all others in authority!"

"This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the path of laudable pursuit for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life, yielding to partial and temporary departures from necessity. This is the leading object of the Government for whose existence we contend. I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this."

LEARNED VIEWS OF CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT.

THERE are some people and papers who are sadly distressed by the "unconstitutionality" of General Banks's arrest of Marshal Kane in Baltimore. One of these gentlemen said, the other day, that no act of Congress could make the President's proclamation for troops to put down insurrection against the laws legal!

According to these learned pundits the only constitutional thing is treason and rebellion and overthrow of the Government. Ours is a system, they think, which can not lawfully resist its own violent destruction. They merely repeat the doctrine of Mr. Buchanan that nobody has a right to break up the Government; but if any body tries, the Government has no right to help itself.

These are the people whose political existence is going to be saved in spite of themselves.

WHO ARE AGAINST US?

SHOULD there ever be any surrender to any rebellion in this country, who would be responsible for it? Plainly those who, under the guise of supporting the cause, should have debauched the public mind by poisoning it with suspicion of the disloyalty or the incompetency of the Administration. If the curious inquirer asks how this could be done, the equally plain answer would be,

By hesitating at no charge or insinuation.

By bringing into suspicion individual members of the Government, covertly accusing them of complicity with traitors, and allowing them to be insulted in your columns (if you are a newspaper) like a common thief.

By representing the commanding General as secretly wishing a truce with rebels, and not a suppression of the rebellion.

By aspersing the characters and motives of Generals acting under the immediate orders of the military Commander-in-Chief.

By scrutinizing the details of administration in every department with most uncharitable eyes.

By always imputing the worst of motives to your opponents in your own party.

By so emphasizing and magnifying undoubted mistakes as to leave the inevitable impression that there are nothing but mistakes to be mentioned.

By insisting that all delay indicates treachery or cowardice.

Do this incessantly to an Administration which undertakes the Government under incalculable disadvantages, at a moment when immense difficulties are to be encountered, and many grave errors are inevitable; persist in rubbing every chafe into a fester, and denying that any good can be expected from the management of affairs unless the managers are incessantly kicked and spurred and taunted and ridiculed, and you will have the proud satisfaction of having done all you can do to destroy that hearty public confidence, without which no Administration could grapple with the emergency, and to persuade the people that, as their affairs are in such bad hands, and can not be constitutionally taken out of them for four years, the only way to save themselves is to insist upon making the best terms possible with the rebels.

Then, when you have succeeded in doing this, nothing remains but that you should turn upon the friends who reason with you, and say, "There! I told you so; I always knew there would be a compromise!"

THE COMET.

MR. BOND, the university astronomer at Cambridge, says that the present comet is not that of 1264, the Pope Urban comet; nor yet that of 1556, the Charles Fifth comet; but an entirely new and unexpected visitor. Whether it be papal or imperial, or neither, the comet is a very splendid stranger; and in other ages would have been regarded at this epoch as the visible genius of war and confusion. Of all the celestial phenomena comets have always been considered the most portentous. Before science had seized and scrutinized them, they portended dreadful events, or foreshadowed great changes.

If our present visitor be, as has been generally supposed, but as Mr. Bond denies, the comet of Charles Fifth, it is pleasant to reflect that its last appearance was as the herald of the great Elizabethan era in England and the beginning of modern history. 1556, the date of its last appearance, was the year in which Charles Fifth abdicated. He had been the arch-enemy of the Reformation, and his abdication may, by the light of the comet, appear to be symbolic of the defeat of the principle which opposed human freedom. It portended also the accession of Elizabeth in 1538. Edmund Spenser and Hooker were three years old and Philip Sydney two, when it shone last. Chapman was born in 1557, Bacon in 1561, Marlowe in 1562, Shakspeare in 1564. Ben. Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, were not very far off. All the singers and sayers and doers

"that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth,
With sounds that echo still,"

were heralded by the comet of Charles Fifth.

Did it portend also the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; the gay heroism of Henry of Navarre; the career of the great William of Holland, and the gloomy reign of Philip Second, a long and desperate struggle with human nature? These cardinal events of history occupied the half century that followed the comet. The principles which underlie American civilization were tried then by fire. The comet blazes again in our summer sky. Is it to remind us that as those principles triumphed then in establishing themselves, they shall no less conquer in saving liberty and consequently civilization now, and securing them hereafter?

FAIR CRITICISM.

IT is perfectly fair to criticise public men and measures. But malevolent interpretations of every act and word are not just or manly criticism.

If you think a man in power is a traitor, say so; but say it honestly; don't hint it sneakingly.

If you think an administration is inadequate to a crisis and needs bolstering, say so; and let the reader understand that you are bolstering because you think there is immense weakness.

If you are identified with a party and its President is elected, and you think his cabinet incapable, say so plainly, and insist that he shall choose other advisers; don't waste time and imperil the country by hints and innuendoes.

Certainly, grave faults of management are to be pointed out; well-grounded suspicions of personal dishonor in high officers should not be hushed; doubts of the wisdom of certain policies and certain appointments are to be openly stated. Such frank and free discussion is the very soul of our system. But incessant carping, sneering, jeering, girding, doubting, and denouncing, are not criticism. It is the *tone*, the *manner*, which determines the honesty and value of fault-finding. The same thing said in one way shows the wish kindly to help; said in another, it shows the determination to withstand and injure. And if you believe a man honest, and approve his course, upon the whole, and allowing for the exceptions, you will not so express your dissent in particulars as to make his bitterest enemies chuckle.

No loyal man or paper, at this or any juncture, is bound or expected to approve every act of the Administration through thick and thin. But he is honorably bound to express his disapproval in such a way that the cause shall be helped and not hindered. If he can not express it so as to help, he has no call to speak at all in so solemn a moment.

WHAT A NEWSPAPER MIGHT DO.

A QUIET man asked a shrewd clergyman who had been praying for rain, whether he thought the Almighty answered a special prayer of that kind. "Certainly," returned the clergyman, "if you only pray long enough." And, indeed, in that way we could hardly ask for any thing in the due order of nature that we should not receive.

A shrewd newspaper, in time of war, might pursue the same plans with the same success. Without military skill, or information of the difficulties to be met in the rebels' country, or any other than a general knowledge of the probable number of armed men near Washington, and the distance in miles to Richmond; without the least comprehension of necessary military detail, without which advance would be a crime, it might incessantly shout, "Forward! forward!" and when the Government, having made all its preparations, based upon all its knowledge, moved at the proper moment and in its own time, forward, such a paper might complacently shake its head and say, "There! don't you see! I did it. If I had not

kept shouting 'Go on!' we should have stood still till the judgment-day."

It was a shrewd clergyman: "Only keep on praying long enough," said he, "and you are sure to have your prayer answered, to the infinite credit of your superior piety, or patriotism, as the case may be."

OF LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

THE Government of the United States is engaged in a struggle for its own existence. The principle of that Government is the constitutional protection of the rights of men. Its army, therefore, marches to defend those rights, and among others that of free speech. Consequently, the unprecedented spectacle is shown to the world of a Government so true to its fundamental principles that it suffers itself in time of war to be most unscrupulously belied and maligned, and permits the rebellion it is crushing to be openly and unhesitatingly defended by papers which it protects from injury. And those papers which are doing all they can to overthrow the Government which secures these rights, and to establish a system of society in which freedom of speech and of the press shall be annihilated, shamelessly assert that liberty of speech is in danger among us.

Their very existence and daily issue is the refutation of their own calumny.

When the Baltimore murders of the 19th April occurred, crowds of excited men, who began to see what papers were really responsible for the rebellion, went to their offices and insisted that the stars and stripes should be raised. But the police, against which those papers had likewise loudly inveighed, protected the papers then, as the Government they denounce protects them now. No candid man will compare those transient ebullitions of popular indignation with the permanent mob-rule of the rebellious States. If any journal within those States should try to take a corresponding position to that of these papers in the Free States, the journal would be suppressed by law, the office sacked, and the editors hung at their own door by a mob.

As for the petition of Mr. Guion, he and his friends have the most undoubted right to petition for what they choose. But if other people sign the petition ignorantly, they have an equally undoubted right to call the police to help them erase their names; and to take the petition for that purpose and hold it until that purpose is accomplished, is *not* to suppress a right, but to correct a fraud.

The right of the freest speech and of petition are the birth-right of every American citizen. Those rights are respected in the free, loyal States of this country, with some few and flagrant exceptions. Those rights are outraged in the slave, rebellious States of this country. If the rebellion prevails, those rights will be every where denied and destroyed.

The papers of which we have spoken claim the right of free speech for the purpose of annihilating free speech. They will be protected in the exercise of that right by the same Government of all the people, which will frustrate the end they seek.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ON the day of the last Presidential election, a protracted meeting was in successful progress at the Methodist church in the village of P——, in one of the border counties of Virginia. The minister in charge, the Rev. Mr. T——, was a Democrat, and a very warm partisan for a minister of his latitude. Evening services were far advanced when N——, who had, in the excitement consequent to the day, forgot his temperance pledge, entered the church, took a seat near the door, and soon inclined his head for a snooze. During the exhortation to the anxious to come to the altar and receive the prayers of the church, the good preacher (for he was a good man), mistaking the appearance of N—— for one under the influence of the *spirit* (nor was he far out of it), approached him in his search for mourners, and whispered in N——'s ear, "Will you not come forward and join us?" "N-o," was the laconic, but half-smothered, reply. "Come forward and join us," earnestly rewhispered the anxious shepherd. "N-e-v-e-r!" thundered N——, "I am an old-line Whig, and shall live and die one." This reply was received with suppressed merriment by the congregation, while the minister retraced his steps to the altar, the picture of despair, doubtless mentally ejaculating that N—— was joined to his idols.

An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco. "I had a drame last night, yer honor," said he to the gentleman. "What is it, Pat?" "Why, I dramed that yer honor made me a present of a pound of tobaccy, and her ladyship there—Heaven bless her—gave me some tay for the good wife." "Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know," said the gentleman. "Faith, and they may that," said Pat: "so her ladyship is to give the tobaccy and his honor the tay."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WIDOWS.—"Oh what trials a poor widow has to go through!" sighed Mrs. Partington, rocking herself in a melancholy way, and holding untasted the morsel of maccaboy between her thumb and her finger; terrible trials, and, oh! what a hardship to be executioner to an intestine estate, where enviable people are trying every way to overcome the widow's might; where it's probe it, probe it, probe it all the time, and the more you probe it the worse it seems. The poor widow never gets justice, for if she gets all she don't get half enough. I have had one trial of it, and if ever I marry again I'll make my pretended husband fabricate our will before he buys the wedding-ring—I'll take time by the forepot, as the sage says."

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for a part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "Confound it," he said, "I must have swallowed it."—"Never mind," said Jack Bannister, coolly, "if you have, it will serve to open your chest."

Two cardinals found fault with Raphael for having, in one of his pictures, given too florid a complexion to St. Peter and St. Paul. "Gentlemen," replied the artist, "don't be surprised; I paint them just as they look in heaven. They are blushing with shame to see the Church below so badly governed."

Missionary Wolff tells a story of a certain M. Preisweg, of Geneva, a good and excellent Christian, to whom a ghost appeared as he was going to bed, and said, "I am the ghost of a person who was hanged here six weeks ago." "That's no business of mine," replied Preisweg; "so, good-night."

A Scotch advocate, pleading the cause of a widow against a skinflint, the Judge recommended that the parties should "feel each other's pulses." Mr. L——n, looking earnestly at his lordship, exclaimed, "Where there is no heart there can be no pulse, my lord."

SIMILAR MISFORTUNES.—A contemporary states that "Mr. Tait was run over and killed in the Cleveland road the other day," and adds that a "similar misfortune" occurred to him about two years ago. A few more such "similar misfortunes" will be the death of him.

"India, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is jist the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they ate, and they ate and they dhrink, and they die; and thin they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and say it's the climate as has killed 'em."

Some say there's nothing made in vain,
While others the reverse maintain,
And prove it very handy,
By citing animals like these—
Mosquitoes, bedbugs, crickets, fleas,
And worse than all, a dandy.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he is handling the rod.

A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was taken up. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the constable. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the officer over, and bolted.

"What is the reason that your wife and you always disagree?" asked one Irishman of another. "Because we are both of one mind. She wants to be master, and so do I."

"I am a great gun," said a tipsy printer, who had been on the spree for a week. "Yes," said the overseer, "you're a great gun, and half-cocked, and you can consider yourself discharged." "Well," said Typo, "then I had better go off."

A miller, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin, astounds us with the assertion, "I was full of rats a fortnight since, and now I don't think I have one."

A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at table opposite Lord Eldon, when plain John Scott, asked him, "What difference is there between Scott and Sot?" "Just the breadth of this table," was the reply.

An Irishman who had been but a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in a suburban town, being sent with a note, with the command to make all possible haste, found on his way a turtle, which he picked up, supposing it to be a pocket-book. Determining to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, anticipating a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he had reached home the turtle had made its way nearly out of his pocket, and Patrick quietly re-consigned him to his pocket. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, he rushed wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook, "Bessie, Bessie, *did ye ever see a toad with a kiver!*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President, in the Message which was read on 5th before Congress, begins by sketching the condition of the country at the time he was inaugurated, and states that his policy "looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to stronger ones." There being no means within his reach for the reinforcement of Major Anderson, he would have abandoned Fort Sumter but for a blunder which prevented the reinforcement of Fort Pickens. Fearful then lest his policy should be misinterpreted, the President determined to attempt to supply Sumter with food, and the fort was in consequence bombarded and taken. The President was thus driven to call out the war power of the Government, and called for troops. The call was only obeyed by the Free States and Delaware. Virginia passed an ordinance of secession, but even before its passage seized the arsenal of Harper's Ferry and the navy-yard at Gosport. Referring to the attitude of neutrality which Kentucky proposes to maintain, the President calls it "disunion completed." The President admits that in calling for troops, and suspending the *habeas corpus* act, he has exceeded his constitutional powers, and looks to Congress for indemnity. He was forced to choose between breaking one law, or seeing all the others violated with impunity, and he chose the former as the least evil. What he now asks of Congress is summed up in the following sentence:

"It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men and $400,000,000. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages, within the regions where, apparently, all are willing to engage; and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money-value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole. A debt of $600,000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our Revolution when we came out of that struggle, and the money-value in the country bears even a greater proportion to what it was then than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties as each had then to establish them. A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money."

The President then goes on to show that there is not and never was any such thing as State sovereignty—touches upon the case of Florida and Texas, and denies the principle of secession, which he calls one of perpetual disintegration. He affirms that the people in many of the seceded States are still in favor of the Union, and charges the seceding politicians with keeping out of view the rights of the people. Alluding to the resignations of officers of the navy and army, he says that not one private soldier or sailor has resigned. He says:

"Our popular Government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have settled—the successful establishing and the successful administrating of it. One still remains. Its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets, and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they can not take by an election neither can they take it by a war. Teaching all the folly of being the beginners of a war."

Finally, the President regrets that he has been forced into this war, but would not have betrayed the vast and sacred trust confided to him by a free people.

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The Secretary of the Treasury asks for three hundred and twenty millions of dollars. He believes that $80,000,000 should be sought by taxation, to meet the ordinary demands of 1862, for which actual appropriations have been made amounting to $65,887,849 34, while interest, estimated at $9,000,000 and $5,000,000, toward the reduction and final extinguishment of the public debt, bring the figure very near the Secretary's estimate. He proposes to meet this demand by a duty of 2¼ cents per pound laid on brown sugar, and 3 cents per pound on clayed sugar, and 4 cents per pound on loaf and other refined sugars, of 2¼ cents per pound on the sirup of sugar-cane, of 6 cents per pound on candy, of 6 cents per gallon on molasses, and of 4 cents per gallon on sour molasses; and it is also proposed that a duty of 5 cents per pound be imposed on coffee, 15 cents per pound on black tea, and 20 cents per pound on green tea. The collection of internal duties on stills and distilled liquors, ale and beer, tobacco, bank-notes, spring-carriages, silver-ware and jewelry, and on legacies, is recommended—although it is suggested that, if preferred by Congress, the plan of taxation of real and personal property would achieve the same result. The use of the confiscated property of the rebels, together with a reduction, for the time at least, of 10 per cent. upon salaries and wages paid by the Federal Government, are also advised. To raise the $240,000,000 needed for the thorough prosecution of the war, the Secretary proposes a national loan of not less than $100,000,000, to be issued in the form of Treasury notes, bearing a yearly interest of 7 3-10 per centum (an interest equal to one cent a day on fifty dollars, and therefore very easy of calculation), and in sums of $50, $100, $500, $1000, and $5000, books to be opened at the Treasury Office in Washington, and at various other offices throughout the States, and sums subscribed to be paid in cash. In case the national loan is insufficient, it is proposed that bonds, or certificates of debt, be issued to lenders in the country, or in any foreign country, not exceeding in the aggregate $100,000,000, to be made redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after a period not exceeding thirty years, and bearing an interest not exceeding 7 per cent. To supply the full amount required for the service of the fiscal year, it is recommended that provision be made for the issue of Treasury notes for $10 or $20 each, payable one year from date, to an amount not exceeding $50,000,000—these notes bearing interest at the rate of 3 65-100 per cent., and exchangeable at the will of the holder for Treasury notes with 7 3-10 per cent. interest, or exchequer bills.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The Secretary of War recommends that, in the enlistment of men to fill the additional regiments of the regular army, the term of enlistment be made for three years, and that a bounty of one hundred dollars shall be given to all who receive an honorable discharge at the close of their terms, and that an appropriation be made for the reconstruction and equipment of railroads, the expense of maintaining and operating them, and also for the construction of additional telegraph lines and their appurtenances; that a special appropriation be made for the reconstruction of the Long Bridge across the Potomac; that Congress consider the subject of a properly organized military tribunal, empowered to take cognizance of criminal offenses, and to punish guilty offenders; also, the enlargement of the powers of the commissariat, and the better equipment of the army; that our troops should be supplied in part from private domestic factories, instead of from abroad. The Secretary further recommends a greater distribution of improved arms among the militia of the States and Territories, and calls attention to the system of discipline pursued at West Point. He concludes with a recommendation that Congress should authorize the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War, and the requisite additional appropriation for an extra force of clerks. The responsibilities and labors of the Department are vastly increased.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The Secretary of the Navy asks Congress to sanction the extraordinary measures which were necessarily taken to meet the difficulties treachery had thrown in the way of the Department. Purchases and contracts were made the authority for which was found in the exigencies of the times. The naval force in commission is increased to 82 vessels, carrying upward of 1100 guns, and a complement of about 13,000 men, exclusive of officers and marines. The Naval Academy, formerly at Annapolis, now removed to Newport, Rhode Island, is without its authorized number of pupils, for one-third of the districts neglect or refuse to be represented, and there is no legal way of supplying this deficiency from other districts. It is suggested that Congress provide for the deficit, and that for a period, at least, the numbers in the school should not be increased until there is a full complement of officers. The Secretary recommends an officer shall be appointed, to be known as the director of ordnance, who shall, under the Department, have the immediate supervision of the manufacture, description, and supply of ordnance for the navy, in all its details. A change or modification of the law regulating the navy ration is suggested, by which the vessels stationed along the coast may be regularly supplied with nourishing food. An increase of the number of surgeons and assistant surgeons is recommended; also, an increase of the marine corps, with, perhaps, an entire reorganization of the corps; also, the appointment of a proper and competent board to inquire into the expediency of iron-clad steamers or floating batteries; also, an increase of the clerical force of the Department, together with the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

On Thursday, July 4, at noon, in accordance with the President's proclamation, Congress assembled in extraordinary session. In the Senate on that day thirty-nine Senators appeared in their places, including Senators Breckinridge and Powell of Kentucky, Johnson of Tennessee, and Polk and Johnson of Missouri. The new members having been qualified, Senator Wilson, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, gave notice of the following important bills:

1. A bill to ratify and confirm certain acts of the President for the suppression of insurrection and rebellion. 2. A bill to authorize the employment of volunteers for enforcing the laws and protecting public property. 3. A bill to increase the present military establishment of the United States. 4. A bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment. 5. A bill to promote the efficiency of the army. 6. A bill for organizing a volunteer militia force, to be called the National Guard of the United States.——In the House, one hundred and fifty-seven members answered to their names. Without delay the House proceeded to business, and on the second ballot elected Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, for Speaker, and Emerson Etheridge, of Tennessee, Clerk. Questions respecting the contested seats of certain members were passed over.

On Friday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Chandler gave notice of a bill to confiscate the property of governors, judges, and members of Legislatures, and of all military officers above the rank of lieutenant, who aid and abet treason against the Government, and to disqualify all such persons for holding any office of honor or emolument. The President's Message was received and read.——Nothing of consequence was done in the House.

On Saturday, 6th, in the Senate, Senator Wilson presented the several bills of which he gave notice on Thursday. The bill to Promote the Efficiency of the Army was referred to a Special Committee, consisting of Senators Wilson, Hale, Latham, Sherman, Powell, Cowan, King, Kennedy, and Howe, and the other bills were referred to the Military Committee. A Message was then received from the President, and the Senate went into executive session.——In the House, the death of Mr. Scranton, of Pennsylvania, was announced, and appropriate remarks were made by several members; after which the House adjourned, in accordance with the usual custom on such occasions.

On Monday, 8th, nothing of consequence was done in the Senate.——In the House, the Standing Committees were announced. A resolution was adopted that the House will, during the present extraordinary session, only consider bills and resolutions concerning military and naval appropriations for the Government and financial affairs connected therewith, and that all bills of a private character, and all other bills and resolutions not directly connected with the raising of revenue, and military and naval affairs, shall be referred without debate to the appropriate committees, to be considered at the next regular session of Congress. This was subsequently amended so as to include certain questions of a judicial character. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, offered a resolution declaring that it is no part of the duty of the army to capture and retain fugitive slaves; also directing inquiry as to the expediency of repealing the Fugitive Slave law. This was promptly laid on the table by a vote of 87 to 62. Bills to increase the number of cadets at the Military Academy, granting bounty lands to soldiers, to increase the pay of soldiers, and for various other objects, were presented and appropriately referred.

THE BATTLE OF MARTINSBURG.

One of the most important episodes in the history of the war, so far, has been the action in the vicinity of Martinsburg, on July 2, between the division of General Patterson, which had previously crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and the rebel forces under General Jackson, which resulted in the defeat and flight of the latter, leaving their camp at Back River, near Martinsburg, in the hands of General Patterson's troops. Advancing toward Martinsburg they met the rebels under Jackson, comprising a force of five infantry and one cavalry regiments, with four pieces of cannon. The first stand was made at the farm of Porterfield, situated on the common road, near Haynesville, where the rebels offered a firm resistance to the advancing columns of the Union army; but they were ultimately driven back, leaving the field scattered over with knapsacks, canteens, and blankets, giving evidence of a hasty retreat. Their loss of course has not been definitely ascertained, but the result of the action may be gathered from the following official report of General Patterson, forwarded to head-quarters at Washington:

"BACK RIVER, NEAR MARTINSBURG, *July* 2, 1861.

"*To Colonel E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General:*

"I left Williamsport at six o'clock this morning for this place, and drove and routed the rebels, who were about 10,000 strong, and who had four guns. I now occupy their camp, with the loss, I regret to say, of three killed and ten wounded.

"R. PATTERSON, Major-General Commanding."

PROSPECT OF ANOTHER FIGHT.

Since then, General Patterson has been reinforced by the arrival of Major Doubleday's battery and the Rhode Island battery at Martinsburg. Large numbers of troops from Washington, *en route* to the same point, passed through Baltimore on Sunday night. General Johnston, who, it is said, has been reinforced by 7000 men, is at Bunker Hill, only a few miles distant from General Patterson's head-quarters, with a body of 16,000 rebels. It is reported that he has 25,000 men and twenty-two pieces of cannon between that and Winchester. No movement on either side has taken place in this direction, but a few skirmishes between the pickets have recently occurred there and near Laurel Hill, near which place General M'Clellan's troops are.

AN EMISSARY FROM JEFF DAVIS.

An incident which may prove of some importance, and is at least invested with considerable interest, occurred at Arlington on 8th. Major Taylor, of New Orleans, arrived at the camp of the Eighth New York regiment, Colonel Lyons, from Manassas Junction, under a flag of truce. He brought dispatches from Jefferson Davis to President Lincoln, and was forwarded by order of General Scott to the head-quarters at Washington. What the nature of the document was of course has not transpired, but the greatest anxiety exists in Washington about the affair. It was thought that the dispatch arose out of the visit of Mr. May, member of Congress from Baltimore, to Richmond, where he recently proceeded on some mysterious mission under a pass from the President.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

The army of General Lyon, in Missouri, is steadily advancing Southward, while the rebels from Arkansas and Tennessee are reported to be moving up to meet them. Colonel Montgomery, with his Union troops from Kansas, crossed the line into Missouri on the 27th ult. No further collision has occurred in that quarter, though the rapid concentration of troops on both sides would indicate the probability of an engagement in the southwestern portion of the State before long.

ARRIVAL OF WILSON'S ZOUAVES AT FORT PICKENS.

The Wilson New York Zouaves have arrived at Fort Pickens, from which point we have nothing new to report.

THE BRITISH FLEET AND OUR BLOCKADE.

The special correspondent of the *Times* at Fort Pickens informs us that the British Admiral, Milne, Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's naval forces in North America, has dispatched a steam-frigate to that place, which has dropped anchor among our fleet off Rosas. The object of her visit is stated by her commander to be the protection of the rights of English commerce, and to see that the blockade is "such as to prevent the entrance or departure of any craft to or from any harbor of the Southcoaster, ocean trader, or tender." This is in accordance with Admiral Milne's views of an effectual blockade, as furnished to his subordinates in command for their guidance.

PERSONAL.

"One of the latest instances," says the *Journal of Commerce*, "of the professional skill of Dr. LIGHTHILL, of St. Mark's Place, in this city, is the complete cure of Mr. CHARLES SHELDON, of Troy, who has been deaf from infancy. The case is a remarkable one, and adds one more to the many proofs of the great success of Dr. LIGHTHILL in this specialty of his profession."

At the late Commencement of Genesee College the degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. John B. Hagany, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in this city; and that of LL.D. on Peter Y. Cutler, Professor of Law in the New York University.

Asbury Dickens, who resigned the Clerkship of the United States Senate at the opening of the present session, has been Secretary of that body since 1836—a period of twenty-four years.

A position has at length been assigned to Major-General Frémont. A new military department has been created and placed under his command, consisting of the State of Illinois, and the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River and on this side of the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico. General Frémont's head-quarters will be at St. Louis.

Vallandigham, the recreant Ohio Congressman, visited the Ohio regiments across the Potomac last week, and was received with such decided marks of disfavor that he was forced to leave for fear of violence. He was hung in effigy, and on taking his departure was pelted with onions and other missiles.

Hon. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, lately visited some of the troops on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and was received with the most decided demonstrations of respect and admiration. He made two speeches, which are represented to have wrought the men up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SHIPMENT OF TROOPS TO CANADA.

LORD PALMERSTON defends the shipment of English troops to Canada against remarks made in the British House of Commons by Mr. Disraeli and other members. He declared, in a recent speech, that it was not an unusual course to pursue when hostilities existed in a neighboring nation, and denied that the fact was of itself calculated to give offense to the United States Government.

DEATH OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

The Right Honorable Lord Campbell, Lord Chancellor of England, died on the 23d ult. very suddenly.

GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

A great fire has occurred in London. At latest dates it was still smouldering in many places near London Bridge, and the losses by it already were estimated at ten millions of dollars.

FRANCE.

THE KINGDOM OF ITALY RECOGNIZED.

The official recognition of the new kingdom of Italy by Napoleon was announced in the *Moniteur*.

SPAIN.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S PROCLAMATION.

The papers publish the text of the neutrality proclamation of Queen Isabella of Spain on the subject of the American rebellion. It is similar in import to that issued by Napoleon. Privateers may have a shelter of twenty-four hours' duration in Spanish ports, but no longer, except in case of urgent necessity. Spaniards are forbidden to engage on either side; but they may, if they wish, take service and its consequences.

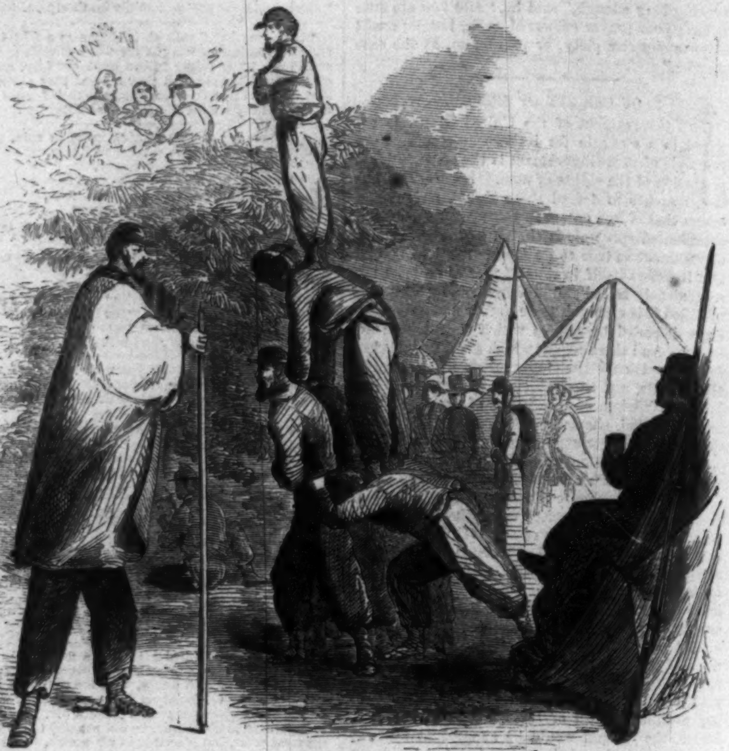
TURKEY.

DEATH OF THE SULTAN.

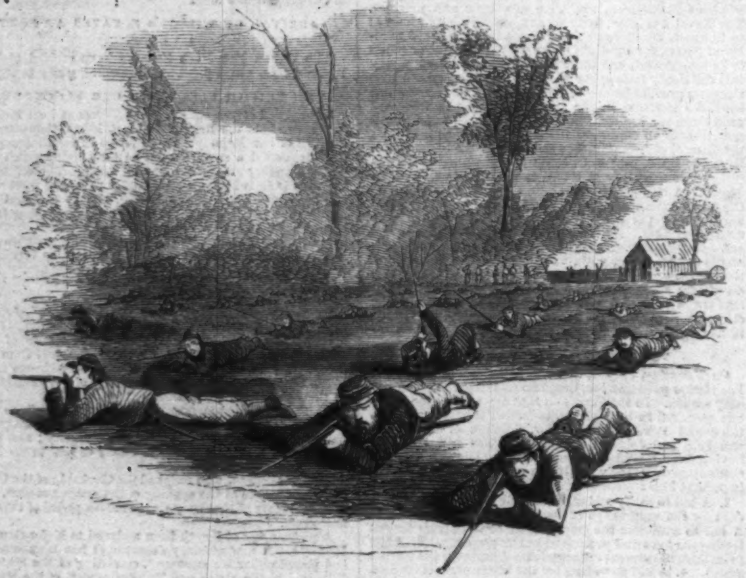
The Sultan of Turkey died on the 25th, and is succeeded by his brother, Abdul Aziz Khan.

THE ELEVENTH INDIANA REGIMENT OF ZOUAVES, COLONEL L. WALLACE.

CAMP RECREATIONS—FROM TATTOO TILL TAPS.

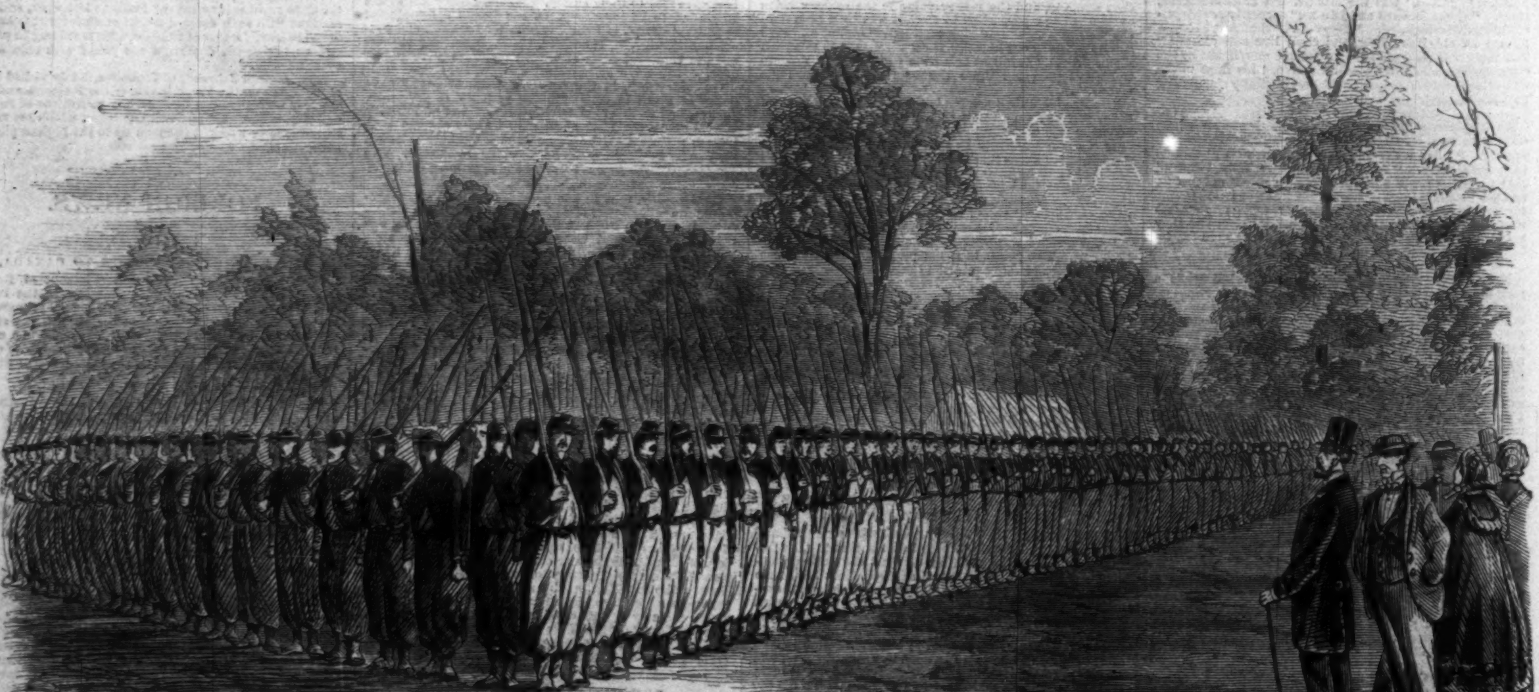


CAMP RECREATIONS—JUST AFTER DRESS PARADE.



DEPLOYED AS SKIRMISHERS.—[From a Photograph.]

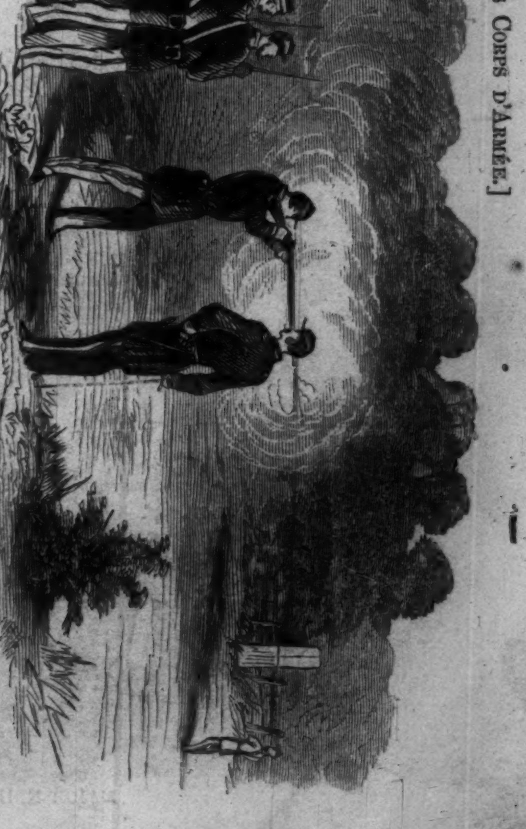
RALLYING BY FOURS.—[From a Photograph.]



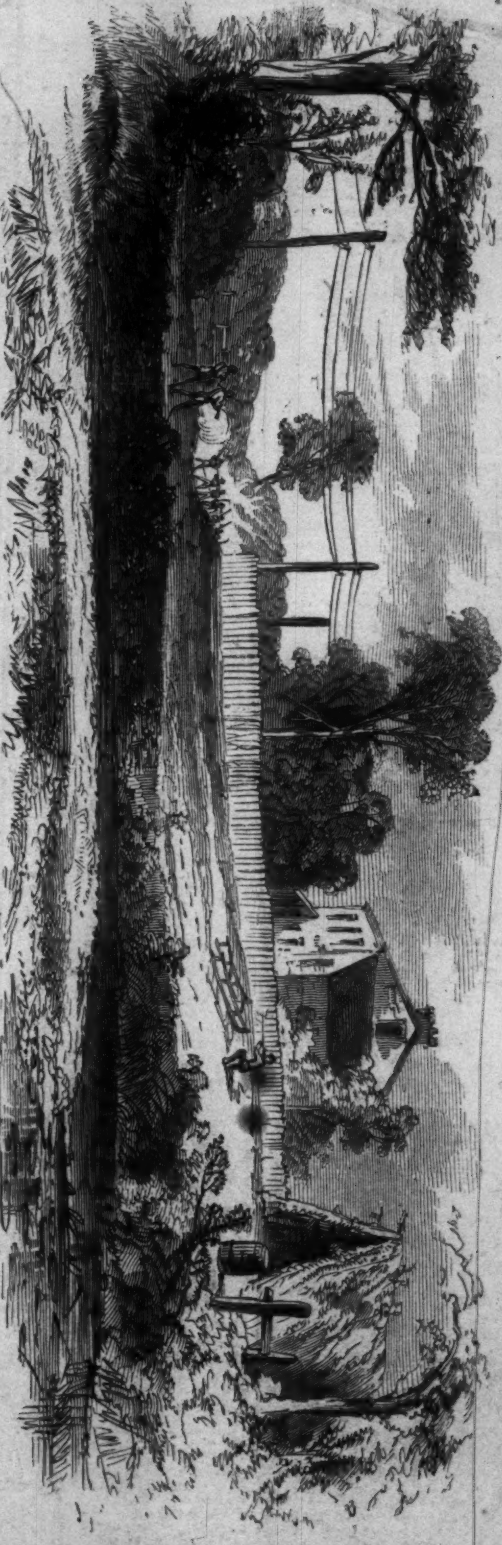
FORMED IN HOLLOW SQUARE.—[From a Photograph.]

SCENES ABOUT CAMP.—[BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL M'DOWELL'S CORPS D'ARMÉE.]

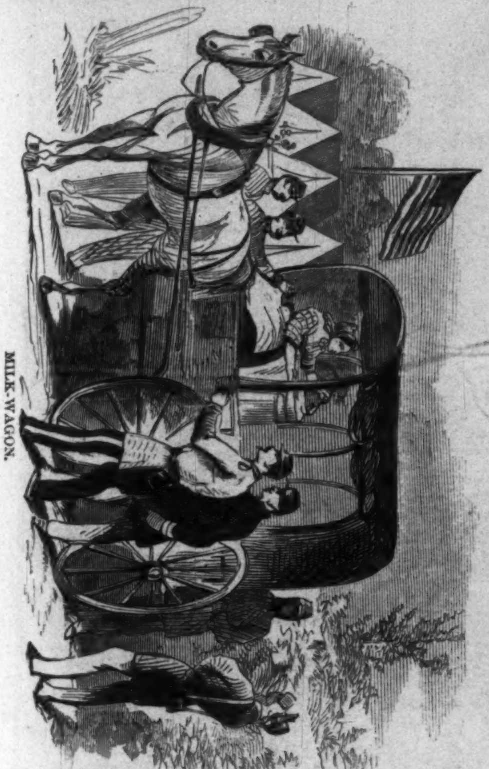
WASHING CLOTHES.

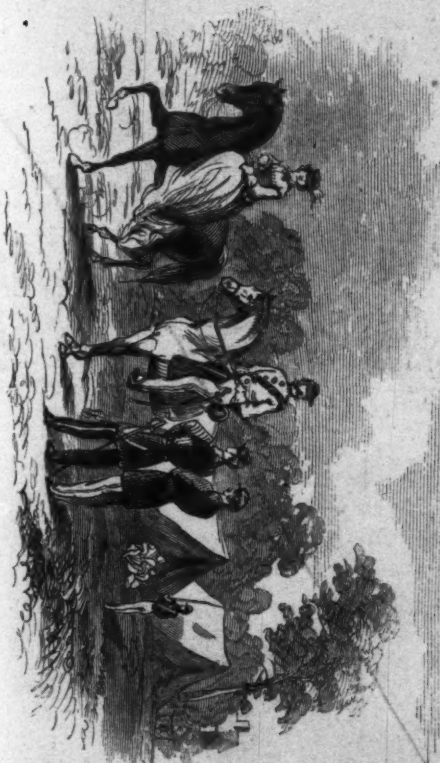

TARGET PRACTICE.

THE HAMMOCK.


SKIRMISH BETWEEN OUTPOSTS (PICKET OF FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT ENGAGING REBELS).

WRITING TO FRIENDS AT HOME.


MILK-WAGON.

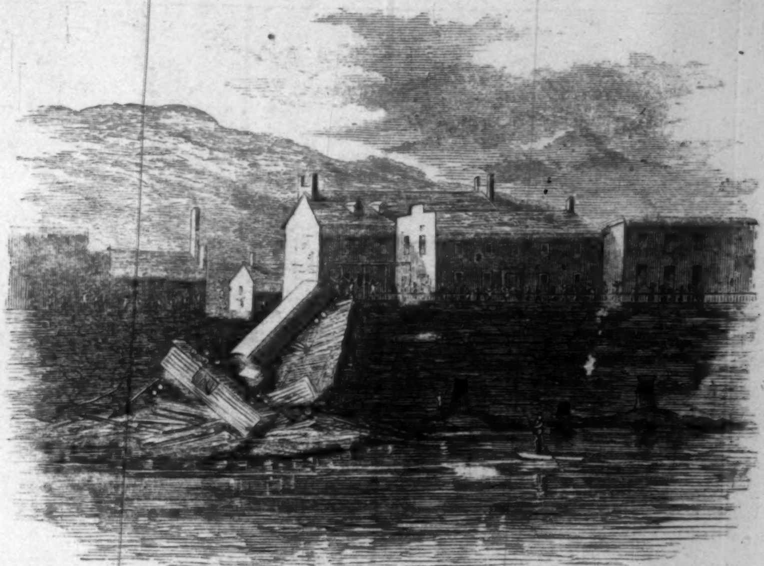

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

THE NEW YORK PAPER.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND, WITH McMULLIN'S RANGERS IN THE FORE-GROUND.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 455.]

MAJOR KNIPE WINGING A SECESSIONIST.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 463.]

STOCKADE AND CAMP OF THE KENTUCKY REGIMENT (REBEL), ON THE MARYLAND HEIGHTS, OPPOSITE HARPER'S FERRY.



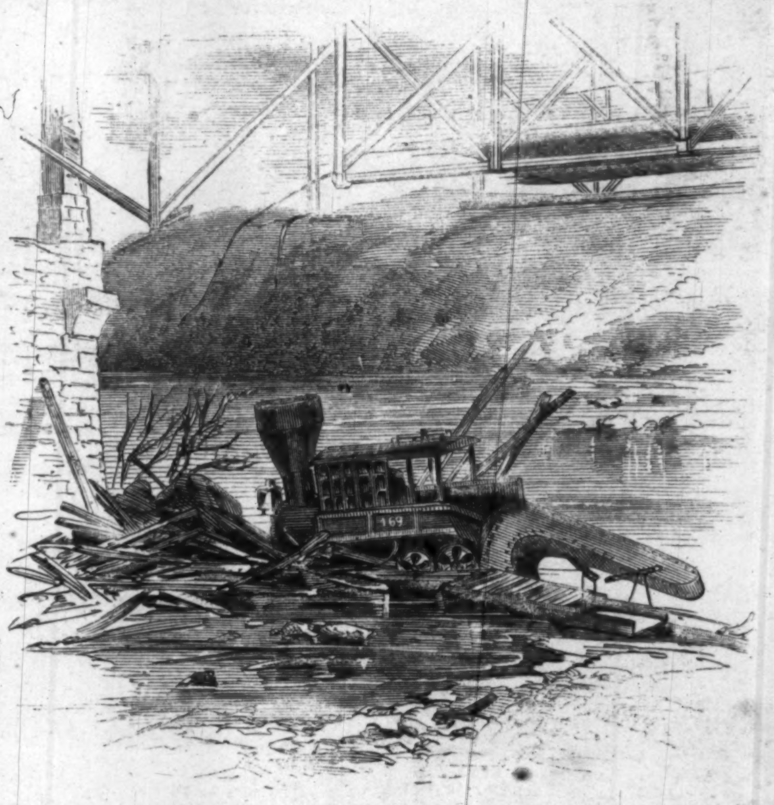
DESTRUCTION OF RAILWAY CARS AT HARPER'S FERRY BY THE MISSISSIPPIANS.

VIEW OF HAGERSTOWN.—PHILADELPHIA RANGERS.

ON page 454 will be found a picture, from a drawing by our special artist, now with General Patterson's division, giving a view of Hagerstown as seen from head-quarters, together with a fine group of M'Mullin's Philadelphia Rangers in the fore-ground. The Rangers number a full company, and are encamped near head-quarters as a body-guard to General Patterson. They are the pets of this portion of the army, and have already earned for themselves an enviable reputation by their valuable and daring services to the Government as scouts. Their quiet deportment and unassuming air have won for the Rangers a host of friends among the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders with whom they have thus far sojourned. Captain M'Mullin himself served valiantly in the Mexican war, as did also many of those now under his experienced command. He is a good soldier and an exceedingly popular officer.

Hagerstown is a city of about 4500 inhabitants, contains seven churches and three banks, and is the dépôt for an extensive grain-growing country. Its site is very beautiful, being in the heart of the Cumberland Valley. On either side run the North and South Mountains, about twenty-five miles apart, and along the eastern limits of the place courses a charming rivulet, the Antietam. Washington County, of which Hagerstown is the chief mart, was organized in 1776. Elizabethtown was the name given to the original settlement, but this was changed to its present title by act of Legislature about the year 1813, out of compliment to Christian Hager, a prominent citizen. A corporation charter was also obtained at the same time, and a Moderator and Commissioners formed the officers of the city government. A new charter in 1846 provided for the election of a Mayor and Common Council

Many delightful drives are to be found around the city, and many elegant residences. Among the more prominent public buildings depicted in our sketch are the Lutheran and Dutch Reformed churches, the Market, and the Washington House. The latter is a surprisingly fine hotel for so small a place, being large, handsome, and well kept. An unwonted prominence has lately been given to Hagerstown by reason of its being selected as the head-quarters of the "Military Department of Pennsylvania," over which Major-General Patterson presides.



LOCOMOTIVE AND TENDER THROWN FROM THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT HARPER'S FERRY BY THE REBELS.

HARPER'S FERRY.

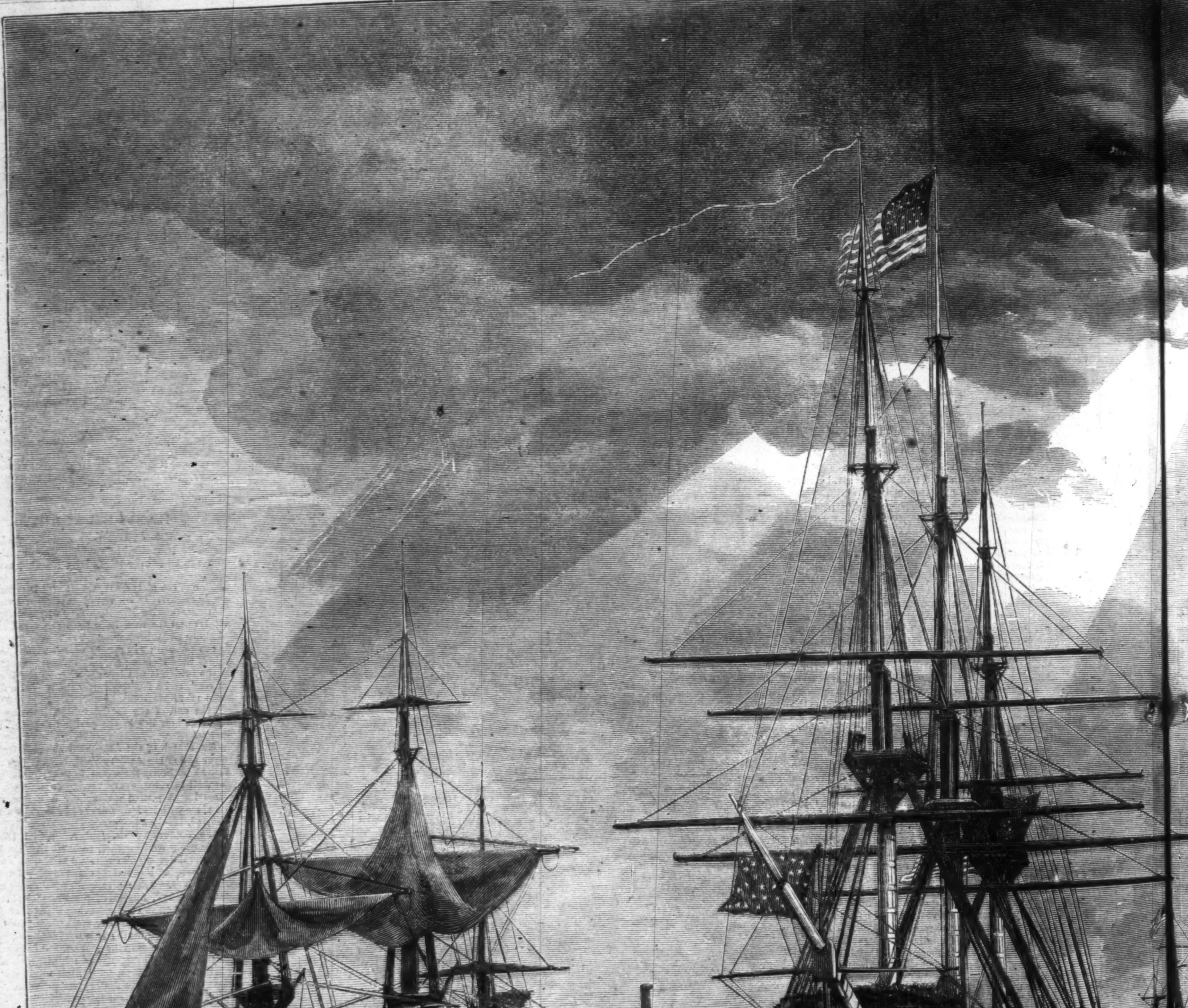
WE publish on this page some engravings of scenes at Harper's Ferry which illustrate the condition in which the rebels have left that romantic spot.

Two of our pictures represent THE DESTRUCTION OF LOCOMOTIVES ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. No less than fifty of the finest locomotives on the road have been destroyed at Martinsburg and other points. The engine represented in our picture was brought up from the Maryland side of the Potomac; the day before the destruction of the bridge it was left standing on the Winchester road, and a few days after the retreat a detachment of rebels returned to the Ferry and ran it off the end of the ruined bridge into the river, where it now lies in the position depicted in the sketch.

The sketch of the ARMORY was made from the upper end of the Armory yard, looking down. It shows a portion of the works, but they all look alike now, all in ruins, every vestige of wood-work destroyed. A settled melancholy now hangs over the place with its long lines of blackened walls and deserted, lonely appearance.

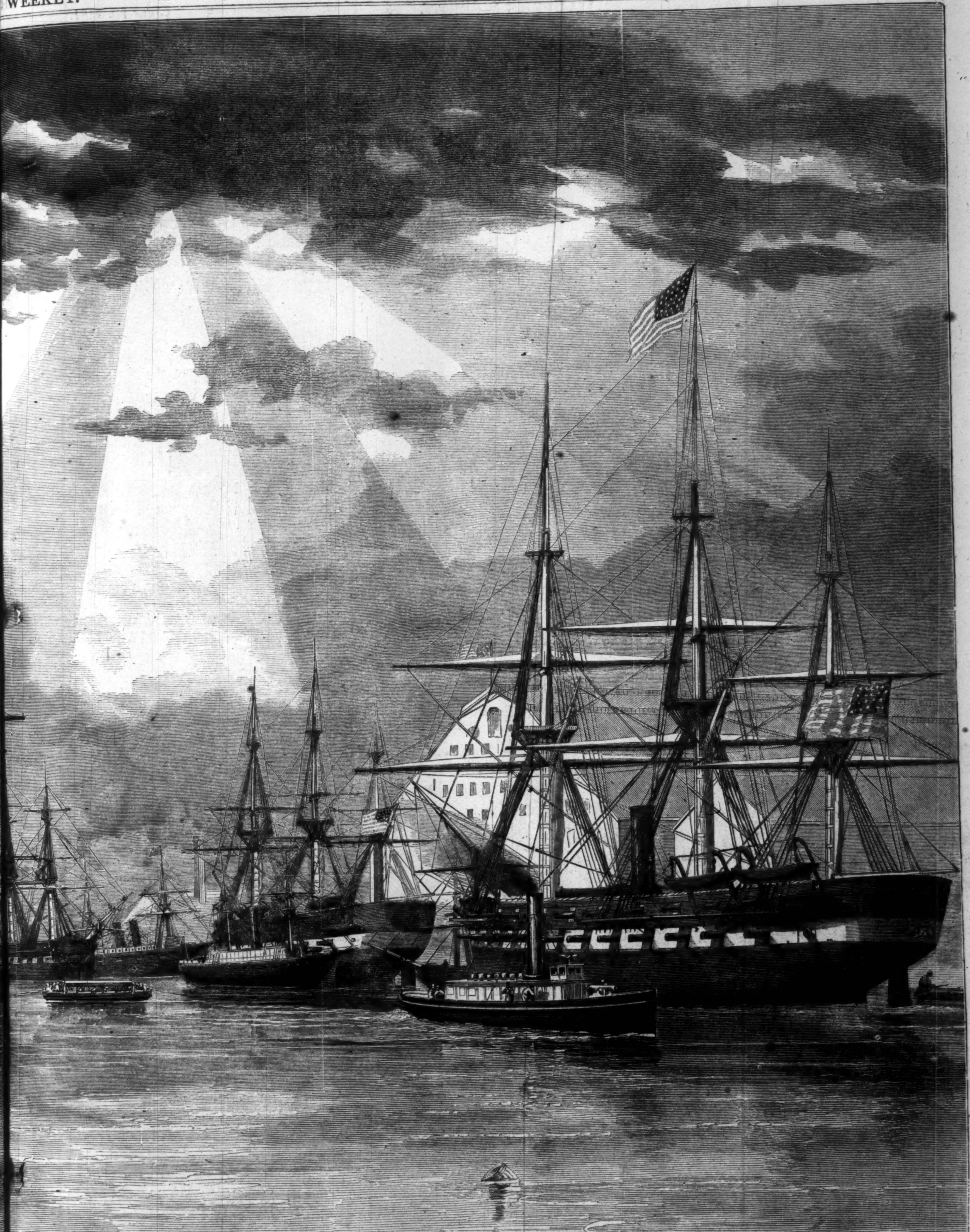
The KENTUCKY REGIMENT, Colonel Duncan, whose camp we illustrate, recently composed part of General Johnston's command at Harper's Ferry. They occupied the Heights on the Maryland side of the river. Their principal camp, about a mile from the Ferry, numbered some fifty or sixty log cabins, laid off in streets, having the appearance of quite a town. The fort or stockade is just behind the camp, facing north; it is made of a double row of logs set endwise in the ground. It is loop-holed for the use of musketry, and might prove a very good protection from a bullet, but would stand no chance at all from the fire of a six-pounder. They left it unfinished in their retreat.

HARPER'S FERRY ARMORY AS IT NOW APPEARS.



MONTGOMERY. VANDALIA. BRANDYWINE. NORTH CAROLINA. POTOMAC

THE NAVY-YARD AT BROOKLYN, N



TOM[...]C. SAVANNAH. R. R. CUYLER. MT. VERNON. ROANOKE. RESOLUTE. WABASH.

N, NEW YORK, JUNE, 1861.—[See Page 463.]

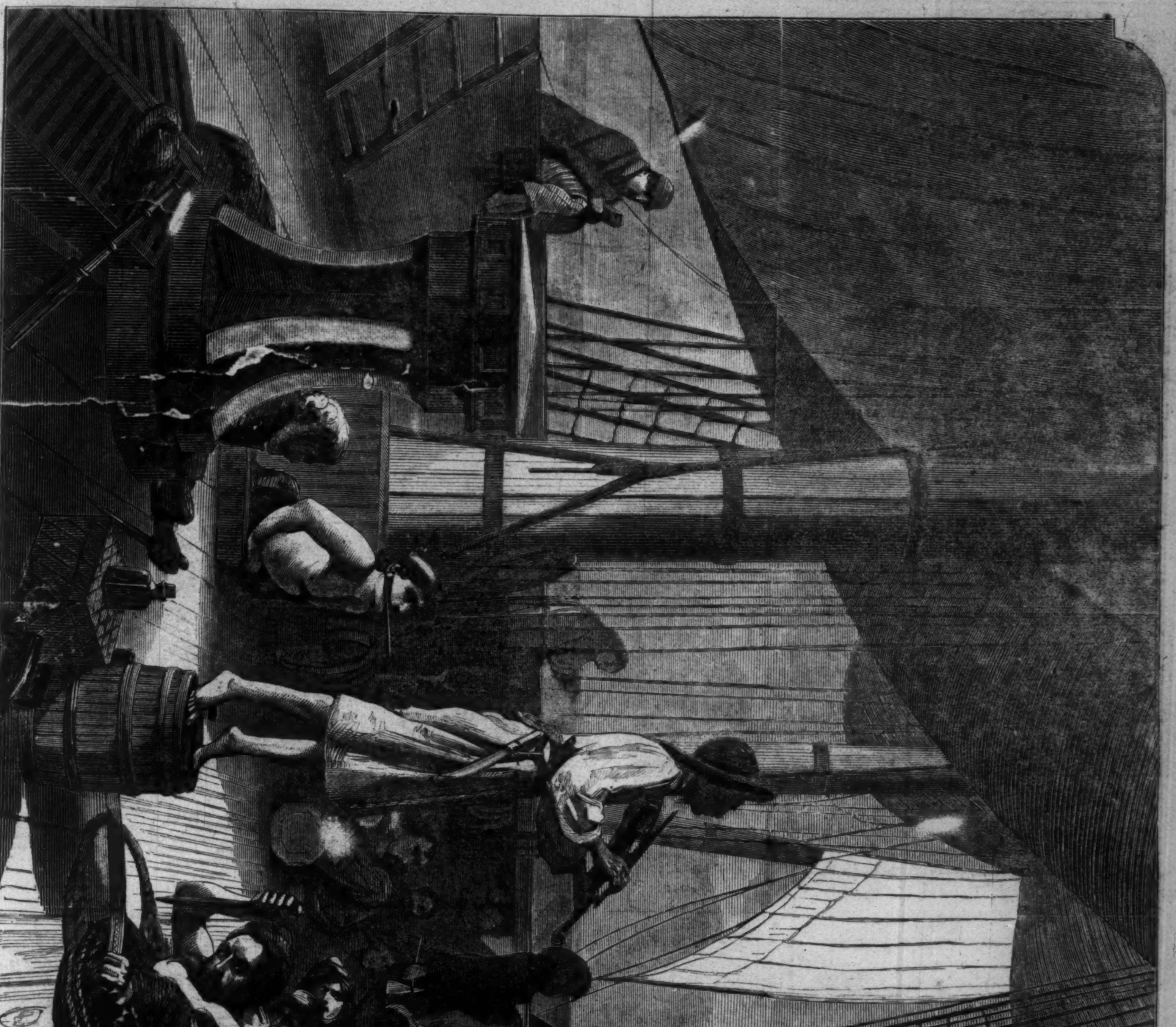
READING THE WAR BULLETINS IN BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

VIRGINIA MOUNTAINEERS.

WE publish on this page a picture representing a group of VIRGINIA MOUNTAINEERS. The artist to whom we are indebted for the sketch thus describes it:

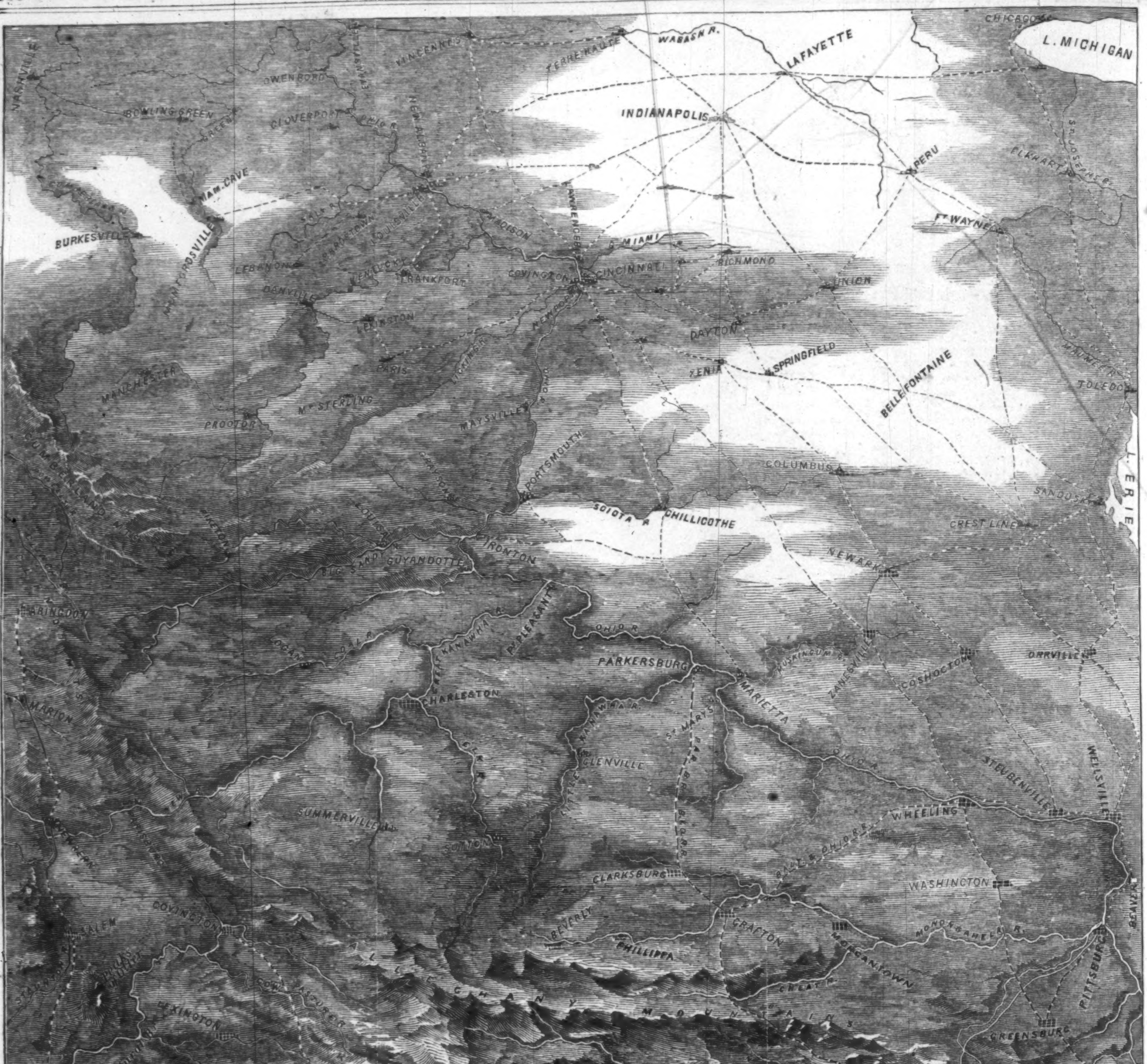
I send you a sketch made up from separate drawings taken from life, and which may be relied on as a fair specimen of the Virginia mountaineers. The Blue Ridge at this time swarm with these men, acting as mounted rifles and sharp-shooters. They are all large, few being under six feet high, of powerful muscular build, and from a continuous, active life in the open air, are inured to all sorts of hardships. Their dress is both picturesque and comfortable, being composed of a mixture of homespun and deerskin, which, together with a coonskin cap, imparts a somewhat savage expression to their bronzed countenances.

THE SECESSIONIST ARMY—IRREGULAR RIFLEMEN OF THE ALLEGHANIES, VIRGINIA.



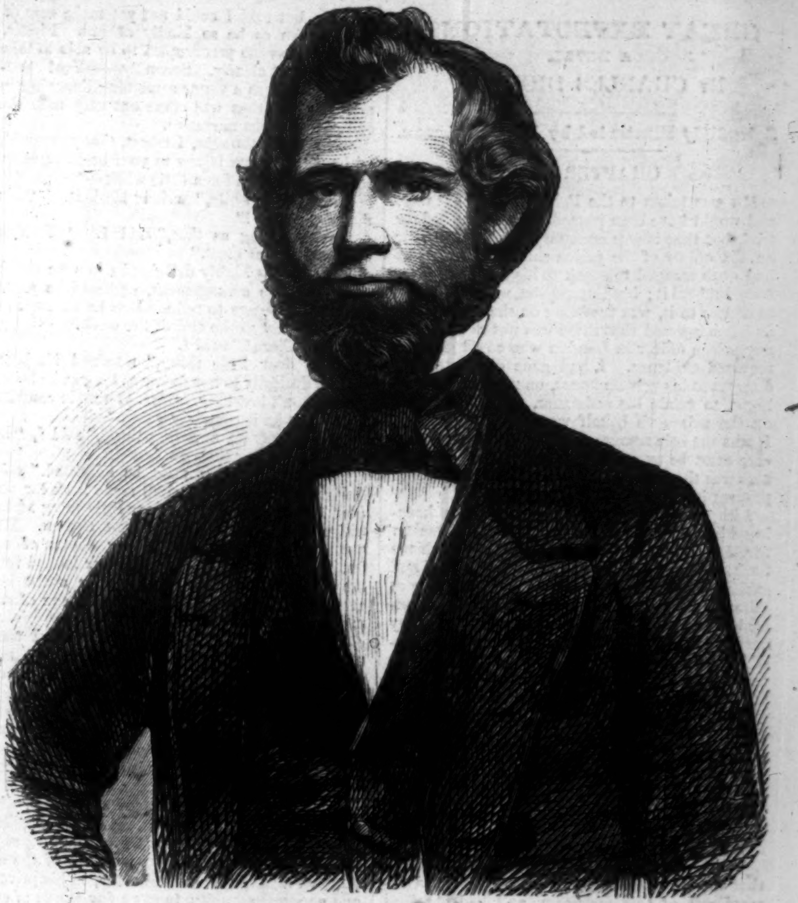
THE PIRATES.—DRAWN BY M. BIARD.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

[SEE PAGE 463.]



BALLOON VIEW OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

MAJOR-GENERAL PATTERSON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



SPEAKER GROW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

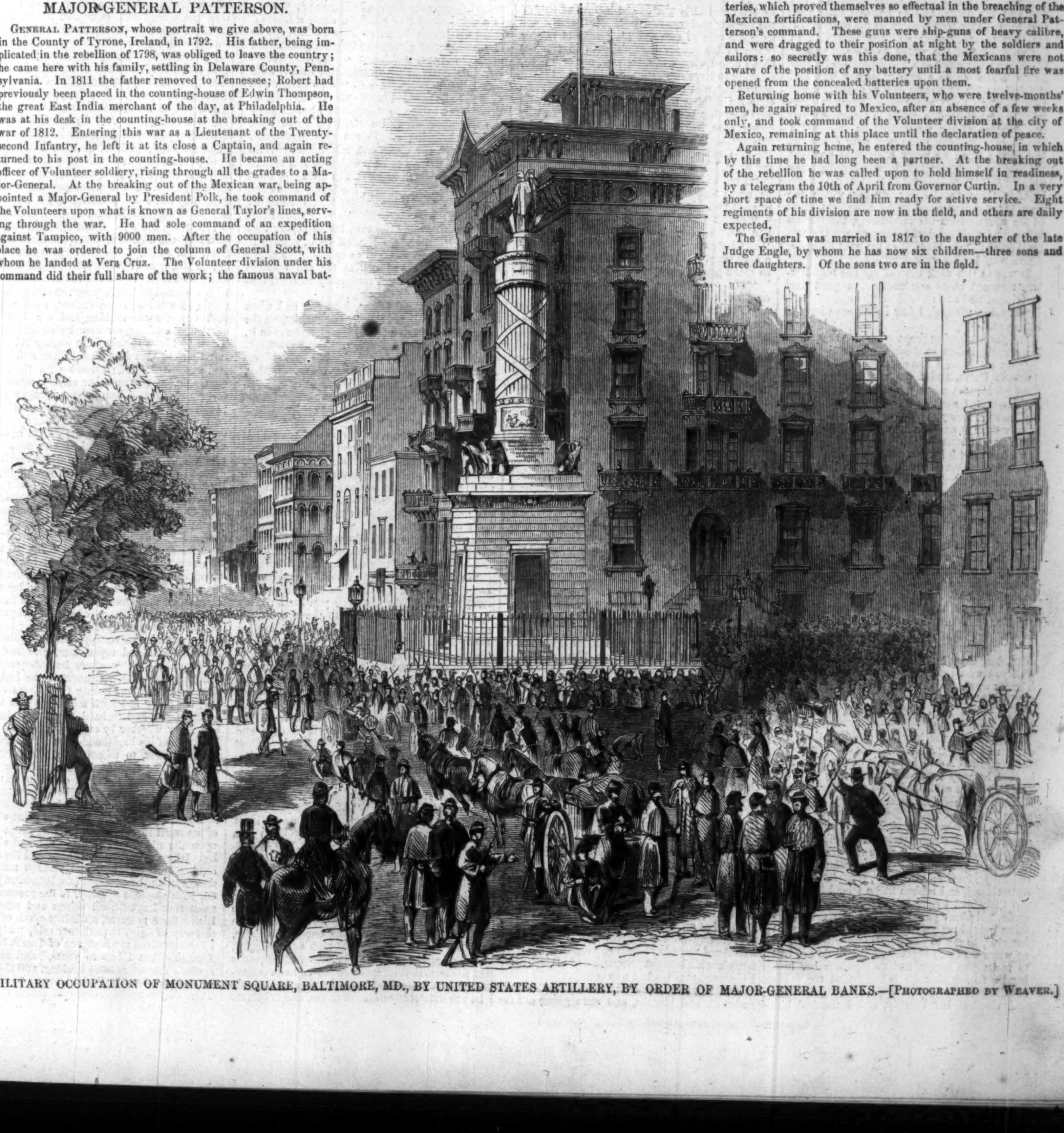
MAJOR-GENERAL PATTERSON.

GENERAL PATTERSON, whose portrait we give above, was born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, in 1792. His father, being implicated in the rebellion of 1798, was obliged to leave the country; he came here with his family, settling in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. In 1811 the father removed to Tennessee; Robert had previously been placed in the counting-house of Edwin Thompson, the great East India merchant of the day, at Philadelphia. He was at his desk in the counting-house at the breaking out of the war of 1812. Entering this war as a Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Infantry, he left it at its close a Captain, and again returned to his post in the counting-house. He became an acting officer of Volunteer soldiery, rising through all the grades to a Major-General. At the breaking out of the Mexican war, being appointed a Major-General by President Polk, he took command of the Volunteers upon what is known as General Taylor's lines, serving through the war. He had sole command of an expedition against Tampico, with 9000 men. After the occupation of this place he was ordered to join the column of General Scott, with whom he landed at Vera Cruz. The Volunteer division under his command did their full share of the work; the famous naval batteries, which proved themselves so effectual in the breaching of the Mexican fortifications, were manned by men under General Patterson's command. These guns were ship-guns of heavy calibre, and were dragged to their position at night by the soldiers and sailors: so secretly was this done, that the Mexicans were not aware of the position of any battery until a most fearful fire was opened from the concealed batteries upon them.

Returning home with his Volunteers, who were twelve-months' men, he again repaired to Mexico, after an absence of a few weeks only, and took command of the Volunteer division at the city of Mexico, remaining at this place until the declaration of peace.

Again returning home, he entered the counting-house, in which by this time he had long been a partner. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was called upon to hold himself in readiness, by a telegram the 10th of April from Governor Curtin. In a very short space of time we find him ready for active service. Eight regiments of his division are now in the field, and others are daily expected.

The General was married in 1817 to the daughter of the late Judge Engle, by whom he has now six children—three sons and three daughters. Of the sons two are in the field.



MILITARY OCCUPATION OF MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, MD., BY UNITED STATES ARTILLERY, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LIV.

HE was taken to the Police Court next day, and would have been immediately committed for trial, but that it was necessary to send down for an old officer of the prison-ship from which he had once escaped to speak to his identity. Nobody doubted it; but Compeyson, who had meant to depose to it, was tumbling on the tides, dead, and it happened that there was not at that time any prison officer in London who could give the required evidence. I had gone direct to Mr. Jaggers at his private house, on my arrival over-night, to retain his assistance, and Mr. Jaggers on the prisoner's behalf would admit nothing. It was the sole resource, for he told me that the case must be over in five minutes when the witness was there, and that no power on earth could prevent its going against us.

I imparted to Mr. Jaggers my design of keeping him in ignorance of the fate of his wealth. Mr. Jaggers was querulous and angry with me for having "let it slip through my fingers," and said we must memorialize by-and-by, and try at all events for some of it. But he did not conceal from me that although there might be many cases in which the forfeiture would not be exacted, there were no circumstances in this case to make it one of them. I understood that very well. I was not related to the outlaw, or connected with him by any recognizable tie; he had put his hand to no writing or settlement in my favor before his apprehension, and to do so now would be idle. I had no claim, and I finally resolved, and ever afterward abided by the resolution, that my heart should never be sickened with the hopeless task of attempting to establish one.

There appeared to be reason for supposing that the drowned informer had hoped for a reward out of this forfeiture, and had obtained some accurate knowledge of Magwitch's affairs. When his body was found, many miles from the scene of his death, and so horribly disfigured that he was only recognizable by the contents of his pockets, notes were still legible, folded in the outer case of the watch he wore. Among these, were the name of a banking-house in New South Wales where a sum of money was, and the designation of certain lands of considerable value. Both these heads of information were in a list that Magwitch, while in prison, gave to Mr. Jaggers, of the possessions he supposed I should inherit. His ignorance, poor fellow, at last served him; he never mistrusted but that my inheritance was quite safe, with Mr. Jaggers's aid.

After three days' delay, during which the crown prosecution stood over for the production of the witness from the prison-ship, the witness came, and completed the easy case. He was committed to take his trial at the next Sessions, which would come on in a month.

It was at this dark time of my life that Herbert returned home one evening, a good deal cast down, and said:

"My dear Handel, I fear I shall soon have to leave you."

His partner having prepared me for that, I was less surprised than he thought.

"We shall lose a fine opportunity if I put off going to Cairo, and I am very much afraid I must go, Handel, when you most need me."

"Herbert, I shall always need you, because I shall always love you; but my need is no greater now than at another time."

"You will be so lonely."

"I have not leisure to think of that," said I. "You know that I am always with him to the full extent of the time allowed, and that I should be with him all day long, if I could. And when I come away from him, you know that my thoughts are with him."

The dreadful condition to which he was brought was so appalling to both of us that we could not refer to it in plainer words.

"My dear fellow," said Herbert, "let the near prospect of our separation—for it is very near—be my justification for troubling you about yourself. Have you thought of your future?"

"No, for I have been afraid to think of any future."

"But yours can not be dismissed; indeed my dear, dear Handel, it must not be dismissed. I wish you would enter on it now, as far as a few friendly words go, with me."

"I will," said I.

"In this branch house of ours, Handel, we must have a—"

I saw that his delicacy was avoiding the right word, so I said, "A clerk."

"A clerk. And I hope it is not at all unlikely that he may expand (as a clerk of your acquaintance has expanded) into a partner. Now, Handel—in short, my dear boy, will you come to me?"

There was something charmingly cordial and engaging in the manner in which after saying "Now, Handel," as if it were the grave beginning of a portentous business exordium, he had suddenly given up that tone, stretched out his honest hand, and spoken like a school-boy.

"Clara and I have talked about it again and again," Herbert pursued, "and the dear little thing begged me only this evening, with tears in her eyes, to say to you that if you will live with us when we come together, she will do her best to make you happy, and to convince her husband's friend that he is her friend too. We should get on so well, Handel!"

I thanked her heartily, and I thanked him heartily, but said I could not yet make sure of joining him as he so kindly offered. Firstly, my mind was too preoccupied to be able to take in the subject clearly. Secondly——Yes! Secondly, there was a vague something lingering in my thoughts that will come out very near the end of this slight narrative.

"But if you thought, Herbert, that you could, without doing any injury to your business, leave the question open for a little while—"

"For any while," cried Herbert. "Six months, a year!"

"Not so long as that," said I. "Two or three months at most."

Herbert was highly delighted when we shook hands on this arrangement, and said he could now take courage to tell me that he believed he must go away at the end of the week.

"And Clara?" said I.

"The dear little thing," returned Herbert, "holds dutifully to her father as long as he lasts; but he won't last long. Mrs. Whimple confides to me that he is certainly going."

"Not to say an unfeeling thing," said I, "he can not do better than go."

"I am afraid that must be admitted," said Herbert: "and then I shall come back for the dear little thing, and the dear little thing and I will walk quietly into the nearest church. Remember! The blessed darling comes of no family, my dear Handel, and never looked into the red book, and hasn't a notion about her grandpapa. What a fortune for the son of my mother!"

On the Saturday in that same week I took my leave of Herbert—full of bright hope, but sad and sorry to leave me—as he sat on one of the sea-port mail-coaches. I went into a coffee-house to write a little note to Clara, telling her he had gone off sending his love to her over and over again, and then went to my lonely home—if it deserved the name, for it was now no home to me, and I had no home any where.

On the stairs I encountered Wemmick, who was coming down, after an unsuccessful application of his knuckles to my door. I had not seen him alone since the disastrous issue of the attempted flight; and he had come, in his private and personal capacity, to say a few words of explanation in reference to that failure.

"The late Compeyson," said Wemmick, "had by little and little got at the bottom of half of the regular business now transacted, and it was from the talk of some of his people in trouble (some of his people being always in trouble) that I heard what I did. I kept my ears open, seeming to have them shut, until I heard that he was absent, and I thought that would be the best time for making the attempt. I can only suppose now that it was part of his policy, as a very clever man, habitually to deceive his own instruments. You don't blame me, I hope, Mr. Pip? I am sure I tried to serve you with all my heart."

"I am as sure of that, Wemmick, as you can be, and I thank you most earnestly for all your interest and friendship."

"Thank you, thank you very much. It's a bad job," said Wemmick, scratching his head, "and I assure you I haven't been so cut up for a long time. What I look at is the sacrifice of so much portable property. Dear me!"

"What *I* think of, Wemmick, is the poor owner of the property."

"Yes, to be sure," said Wemmick. "Of course there can be no objection to your being sorry for him, and I'd put down a five-pound note myself to get him out of it. But what I look at is this. The late Compeyson having been beforehand with him in intelligence of his return, and being so determined to bring him to book, I don't think he could have been saved. Whereas the portable property certainly could have been saved. That's the difference between the property and the owner, don't you see?"

I invited Wemmick to come up stairs and refresh himself with a glass of grog before walking to Walworth. He accepted the invitation, and while he was drinking his moderate allowance said, with nothing to lead up to it, and after having appeared rather fidgety:

"What do you think of my meaning to take a holiday on Monday, Mr. Pip?"

"Why, I suppose you have not done such a thing these twelve months."

"These twelve years, more likely," said Wemmick. "Yes. I'm going to take a holiday. More than that; I'm going to take a walk. More than that; I'm going to ask you to take a walk with me."

I was about to excuse myself, as being but a bad companion just then, when Wemmick anticipated me.

"I know your engagements," said he, "and I know you are out of sorts, Mr. Pip. But if you *could* oblige me, I should take it as a kindness. It ain't a long walk, and it's an early one. Say it might occupy you (including breakfast on the walk) from eight to twelve. Couldn't you stretch a point and manage it?"

He had done so much for me at various times that this was very little to do for him. I said I could manage it—would manage it—and he was so very much pleased by my acquiescence that I was pleased too. At his particular request I appointed to call for him at the Castle at half past eight on Monday morning, and so we parted for the time.

Punctual to my appointment, I rang at the Castle gate on the Monday morning, and was received by Wemmick himself: who struck me as looking tighter than usual, and having a sleeker hat on. Within, there were two glasses of rum-and-milk prepared, and two biscuits. The Aged must have been stirring with the lark, for, glancing into the perspective of his bedroom, I observed that his bed was empty.

When we had fortified ourselves with the rum-and-milk and biscuits, and were going out for the walk with that training preparation on us, I was considerably surprised to see Wemmick take up a fishing-rod, and put it over his shoulder. "Why, we are not going fishing!" said I. "No," returned Wemmick, "but I like to walk with one."

I thought this odd; however, I said nothing, and we set off. We went toward Camberwell Green, and when we were thereabouts Wemmick said, suddenly,

"Halloa! Here's a church!"

There was nothing very surprising in that: but again, I was rather surprised, when he said, as if he were animated by a brilliant idea,

"Let's go in!"

We went in, Wemmick leaving his fishing-rod in the porch, and looked all round. In the mean time Wemmick was diving into his coat-pockets, and getting something out of paper there.

"Halloa!" said he. "Here's a couple of pair of gloves! Let's put 'em on!"

As the gloves were white kid gloves, and as the post-office was widened to its utmost extent, I now began to have my strong suspicions. They were strengthened into certainty when I beheld the Aged enter at a side door, escorting a lady.

"Halloa!" said Wemmick. "Here's Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding."

That discreet damsel was attired as usual, except that she was now engaged in substituting for her green kid gloves a pair of white. The Aged was likewise occupied in preparing a similar sacrifice for the altar of Hymen. The old gentleman, however, experienced so much difficulty in getting his gloves on, that Wemmick found it necessary to put him with his back against a pillar, and then to get behind the pillar himself and pull away at them, while I for my part held the old gentleman round the waist, that he might present an equal and safe resistance. By dint of this ingenious scheme his gloves were got on to perfection.

The clerk and clergyman then appearing, we were ranged in order at those fatal rails. True to his notion of seeming to do it all without preparation, I heard Wemmick say to himself as he took something out of his waistcoat pocket before the service began, "Halloa! Here's a ring!"

I acted in the capacity of backer, or best-man, to the bridegroom; while a little limp pew opener, in a soft bonnet like a baby's, made a feint of being the bosom friend of Miss Skiffins. The responsibility of giving the lady away devolved upon the Aged, which led to the clergyman's being unintentionally scandalized, and it happened thus: When he said "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the old gentleman, not in the least knowing what point of the ceremony we had arrived at, stood most amiably beaming at the ten commandments. Upon which the clergyman said again, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" The old gentleman being still in a state of most estimable unconsciousness, the bridegroom cried out in his accustomed voice, "Now Aged P. you know; who giveth?" To which the Aged replied with great briskness, before saying that *he* gave, "All right, John, all right, my boy!" And the clergyman came to so gloomy a pause upon it, that I had doubts for the moment whether we should get completely married that day.

It was completely done, however, and when we were going out of church Wemmick took the cover off the font and put his white gloves in it, and put the cover on again. Mrs. Wemmick, more heedful of the future, put her white gloves in her pocket and assumed her green. "*Now*, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, triumphantly shouldering the fishing-rod as we came out, "let me ask you whether any body would suppose this to be a wedding party?"

Breakfast had been ordered at a pleasant little tavern a mile or so away upon the rising ground beyond the Green; and there was a bagatelle board in the room in case we should desire to unbend our minds after the solemnity. It was pleasant to observe that Mrs. Wemmick no longer unwound Wemmick's arm when it adapted itself to her figure, but sat in a high-backed chair against the wall, like a violoncello in its case, and submitted to be embraced as that melodious instrument might have done.

We had an excellent breakfast, and when any one declined any thing on table, Wemmick said, "Provided by contract, you know; don't be afraid of it!" I drank to the new couple, drank to the Aged, drank to the Castle, saluted the bride at parting, and made myself as agreeable as I could.

Wemmick came down to the door with me, and I again shook hands with him, and wished him joy.

"Thankee!" said Wemmick, rubbing his hands. "She's such a manager of fowls you have no idea. You shall have some eggs, and judge for yourself. I say, Mr. Pip!" calling me back, and speaking low. "This is altogether a Walworth sentiment, please."

"I understand. Not to be mentioned in Little Britain," said I.

Wemmick nodded. "After what you let out the other day, Mr. Jaggers may as well not know of it. He might think my brain was softening, or something of the kind."

CHAPTER LV.

HE lay in prison very ill, during the whole interval between his committal for trial and the coming round of the Sessions. He had broken two ribs, they had wounded one of his lungs, and he breathed with great pain and difficulty, which increased daily. It was a consequence of his hurt that he spoke so low as to be scarcely audible; therefore he spoke very little. But he was ever ready to listen to me, and it became the first duty of my life to say to him, and read to him what I knew he ought to hear.

Being far too ill to remain in the common prison he was removed, after the first day or so, into the Infirmary. This gave me opportunities of being with him that I could not otherwise have had. And but for his illness he would have been put in irons, for he was regarded as a determined prison-breaker, and I know not what else.

Although I saw him every day, it was for only a short time; hence the regularly recurring spaces of our separation were long enough to record on his face any slight changes that occurred in his physical state. I do not recollect that I once saw any change in it for the better; he wasted, and became slowly weaker and worse, day by day, from the day when the prison door closed upon him.

The kind of submission or resignation that he showed was that of a man who was tired out. I sometimes derived an impression, from his manner, or from a whispered word or two which escaped him, that he pondered over the question whether he might have been a better man under better circumstances. But he never justified himself by a hint tending that way, or tried to bend the past out of its eternal shape.

It happened on two or three occasions in my presence that his desperate reputation was alluded to by one or other of the people in attendance on him. A smile crossed his face then, and he turned his eyes on me with a trustful look, as if he were confident that I had seen some small redeeming touch in him, even so long ago as when I was a little child. As to all the rest, he was humble and contrite, and I never knew him complain.

When the Sessions came round Mr. Jaggers caused an application to be made for the postponement of his trial until the following Sessions. It was obviously made with the assurance that he could not live so long, and was refused. The trial came on at once, and when he was put to the bar he was seated in a chair. No objection was made to my getting close to the dock, on the outside of it, and holding the hand that he stretched forth to me.

The trial was very short and very clear. Such things as could be said for him were said—how he had taken to industrious habits, and had thriven lawfully and reputably. But nothing could unsay the fact that he had returned, and was there in presence of the Judge and Jury. It was impossible to try him for that, and do otherwise than find him Guilty.

At that time it was the custom (as I learned from my terrible experience of that Sessions) to devote a concluding day to the passing of Sentences, and to make a finishing effect with the Sentence of Death. But for the indelible picture that my remembrance now holds before me, I could scarcely believe, even as I write these words, that I saw two-and-thirty men and women put before the Judge to receive that sentence together. Foremost among the two-and-thirty was he; seated, that he might get breath enough to keep life in him.

The whole scene starts out again in the vivid colors of the moment, down to the drops of April rain on the windows of the court, glittering in the rays of April sun. Penned in the dock, as I again stood outside it at the corner with his hand in mine, were the two-and-thirty men and women; some defiant, some stricken with terror, some sobbing and weeping, some covering their faces, some staring gloomily about. There had been shrieks from among the women convicts, but they had been stilled, and a hush had succeeded. The sheriffs with their great chains and nosegays, other civic gewgaws and monsters, criers, ushers, a great gallery full of people—a large theatrical audience—looked on, as the two-and-thirty and the Judge were solemnly confronted. Then the Judge addressed them. Among the wretched creatures before him whom he must single out for special address was one who almost from his infancy had been an offender against the laws; who, after repeated imprisonments and punishments, had been at length sentenced to exile for a term of years; and who, under circumstances of great violence and daring had made his escape, and been resentenced to exile for life. That miserable man would seem for a time to have become convinced of his errors when far removed from the scenes of his old offenses, and to have lived a peaceable and honest life. But in a fatal moment yielding to those propensities and passions, the indulgence of which had so long rendered him a scourge to society, he had quitted his haven of rest and repentance, and had come back to the country where he was proscribed. Being here presently denounced, he had for a time succeeded in evading the officers of Justice, but being at length seized while in the act of flight, he had resisted them, and had—he best knew whether by express design, or in the blindness of his hardihood—caused the death of his denouncer, to whom his whole career was known. The appointed punishment for his return to the land that had cast him out being Death, and his case being this aggravated case, he must prepare himself to Die.

The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the Judge, linking both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience how both were passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater Judgment that knoweth all things and never errs. Rising for a moment, a distinct speck of face in this way of light, the prisoner said, "My Lord, I have received my sentence of Death from the Almighty, but I bow to yours," and sat down again. There was some hushing, and the Judge went on with what he had to say to the rest. Then they were all formally doomed, and some

of them were supported out, and some of them sauntered out with a haggard look of bravery, and a few nodded to the gallery, and two or three shook hands, and others went out chewing the fragments of herb they had taken from the sweet-herbs lying about. He went last of all, because of having to be helped from his chair and to go very slowly; and he held my hand while all the others were removed, and while the audience got up (putting their dresses right, as they might at church or elsewhere) and pointed down at this criminal or at that, and most of all at him and me.

I earnestly hoped and prayed that he might die before the Recorder's Report was made, but, in the dread of his lingering on, I began that night to write out a petition to the Home Secretary of State, setting forth my knowledge of him, and how it was that he had come back for my sake. I wrote it as fervently and pathetically as I could, and when I had finished it and sent it in, I wrote out other petitions to such men in authority as I hoped were the most merciful, and drew up one to the Crown itself. For several days and nights after he was sentenced I took no rest except when I fell asleep in my chair, but was wholly absorbed in these appeals. And after I had sent them in, I could not keep away from the places where they were, but felt as if they were more hopeful and less desperate when I was near them. In this unreasonable restlessness and pain of mind I would roam the streets of an evening, wandering by those offices and houses where I had left the petitions. To the present hour the weary western streets of London on a cold dusty spring night, with their ranges of stern shut-up mansions, and their long rows of lamps, are melancholy to me from this association.

The daily visits I could make him were shortened now, and he was more strictly kept. Seeing, or fancying, that I was suspected of an intention of carrying poison to him, I asked to be searched before I sat down at his bedside, and told the officer who was always there, that I was willing to do any thing that would assure him of the singleness of my designs. Nobody was hard with him or with me. There was duty to be done, and it was done, but not harshly. The officer always gave me the assurance that he was worse, and some other sick prisoners in the room, and some other prisoners who attended on them as sick nurses (malefactors but not incapable of kindness, God be thanked!) always joined in the same report.

As the days went on, I noticed more and more that he would lie, placidly looking at the white ceiling with an absence of light in his face, until some word of mine brightened it for an instant, and then it would subside again. Sometimes he was almost, or quite, unable to speak; then he would answer me with slight pressures on my hand, and I grew to understand his meaning very well.

The number of the days had mounted up to ten, when I saw a greater change in him than I had seen yet. His eyes were turned toward the door, and lighted up as I entered.

"Dear boy," he said, as I sat down by his bed: "I thought you was late. But I knowed you couldn't be that."

"It is just the time," said I, "I waited for it at the gate."

"You always waits at the gate; don't you, dear boy?"

"Yes. Not to lose a moment of the time."

"Thankee, dear boy, thankee. God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy."

I pressed his hand in silence, for I could not forget that I had once meant to desert him.

"And what's best of all," he said, "you've been more comfortable alonger me, since I was under a dark cloud, than when the sun shone. That's best of all."

He lay on his back, breathing with great difficulty. Do what he would, and love me though he did, the light left his face ever and again, and a film came over the placid look at the white ceiling.

"Are you in much pain to-day?"

"I don't complain of none, dear boy."

"You never do complain, dear Magwitch."

He had spoken his last words. He smiled, and I understood his touch to mean that he wished to lift my hand, and lay it on his breast. I laid it there, and he smiled again, and put both his hands upon it.

The allotted time ran out while we were thus; but looking round, I found the governor of the prison standing by me, and he whispered, "You needn't go yet." I thanked him gratefully, and asked, "might I speak to him, if he can hear me?"

The governor stepped aside, and beckoned the officer away. The change, though it was made without noise, drew back the film from the placid look at the white ceiling, and he looked most affectionately at me.

"Dear Magwitch, I must tell you, now at last. You understand what I say?"

A gentle pressure on my hand.

"You had a child once whom you loved and lost."

A stronger pressure on my hand.

"She lived and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her!"

With a last faint effort, which would have been powerless but for my yielding to it and assisting it, he raised my hand to his lips. Then he gently let it sink upon his breast again, with his own hands lying on it. The placid look at the white ceiling came back, and passed away, and his head dropped quietly on his breast.

Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, and knew that there were no better words that I could say beside his bed than "O Lord, be merciful to him, a sinner!"

ALSTYNE WHITE.

Grandmother White, in her easy chair,
  Sat beside the cottage door,
Where the restless leaves of the maple-trees
  Sifted sunbeams on the floor.

Sifted glinting gleams on the old door-stone,
  Worn smooth by the tread of feet;
On the narrow walk, where, on either side,
  Blossomed flowers quaint and sweet.

Where the four o'clock, with its dial closed,
  Told the primrose when to bloom,
And the great red rose, from its bursting heart,
  Flung its wealth of sweet perfume.

Sifted fitful rays on the silver threads
  Of the grandame's whitened hair—
On her faded cheek, on her trembling hand—
  But a flash met the sunbeam there.

For a shining sword, with its trappings gay,
  She held with a loving clasp,
Counting, one by one, the days agone
  Since it fell from the soldier's grasp—

Since her darling son laid him down to die,
  On the battle-fields of Mexico;
And only this, by a comrade's care,
  Came back from that scene of woe.

And ever since, when the roses bloom,
  She brightens its blade once more,
And holds a watch o'er the senseless steel,
  Sitting thus by the cottage door.

From her listless dream she starts to hear
  A voice mingled still with the past,
Saying, "Good-by, mother dear! good-by!"
  Then a shadow is quickly cast.

And glancing up in her strange amaze,
  Before her there seems to stand
Her son, as he looked when he took the field
  For the right, and his native land.

"Grandmother White," said the soldier lad,
  "I am going, as father went,
To fight for the flag that he loved so well,
  Ere its stars from its blue were rent.

"And, grandmother, now will you bless your boy,
  And bid him to-day God-speed;
That I and my men, in the darkest hour,
  May have one with Him to plead?"

"Bless thee, my child!" and the wrinkled hands
  Were laid on the low-bowed head,
And a murmured prayer, in her trembling tones,
  O'er the kneeling man she said.

"And now, Alstyne, take your father's blade,
  My care o'er its sheen is o'er;
I shall watch and wait, when the roses bloom,
  Ever thus by the cottage door.

"But my watch shall be for the sword no more:
  It will be for the reaper's tread,
With his shining sickle ready whet
  For the ripe and whitened head.

"And waiting thus, if I chance to hear
  Of a brave deed in the fight,
I shall know the steel, I shall know the name,
  Even that of Alstyne White."

68 West Nineteenth Street, N. Y. E. B.

THE NAVY-YARD, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

On pages 456 and 457 we give a large picture of The Brooklyn Navy-Yard, from a sketch taken in June last, just before the departure of some of our finest vessels of war for the Southern coast. The scene was imposing and magnificent—rarely equaled in our naval experience. Seldom if ever have so many fine ships and so many men been assembled in any of our naval yards—on actual war intent. At the present time, of course, the scene is changed; the ships are mostly gone, and the Yard is comparatively quiet.

MAJOR KNIPE WINGING A SECESSIONIST.

Our special war correspondent and artist of General Patterson's Division, now in Virginia, furnishes us this week with a sketch of an exciting incident which lately occurred at Williamsport, which we reproduce on page 454. Major Knipe, of General Williams's staff, was one morning riding leisurely along the already historic Potomac banks, accompanied by our artist, also a staff officer of the brigade, when he discovered a rebel soldier, likewise riding, upon a hill-side on the opposite shore, and about three-fourths of a mile distant.

As our volunteers have of late been annoyed by stray shots from Virginia at this point, and since to receive either Minié or spherical ball into one's soup-plate or possibly spoon, when the latter is in the act of finding its way mouthward, is, to say the least, unpleasant even to persons of the most imperturbable dispositions, the gallant Major Knipe deemed the gay cavalier of the Old Dominion fair game for his steady hand and finely-wrought Wesson rifle. So springing from his saddle, he drew bead upon Mr. Secessionist. A report, a thin cloud of white smoke curling upward, and in an instant, like a wounded bird, the doomed foe was seen to fall off his steed. His two companions-in-arms, dismounting rapidly, rushed to his assistance, and presently laid him carefully beneath the sheltering branches of a neighboring tree. Whether death followed the unexpected wounding or not is unknown.

The rapidity with which this little drama was enacted, and the extraordinary success of Major Knipe's aim at so distant an object, lend to the incident an interest by no means common.

THE PIRATES.

On page 459 we publish an engraving of M. François Biard's well-known painting—The Pirates. It will be timely just now. The picture represents a pirate ship in a tropical climate, waiting for its prey, which the crew are artfully luring into their clutches. At the side of the ship we behold some of them disguised; one with a bonnet and parasol, another as a female hanging on the shoulders of a well-dressed gentleman, the respectable-looking master with his speaking-trumpet under his arm—all earnestly hailing the American clipper, which, unsuspecting their real character, is nearing them. Every man of this vile crew is armed to the teeth; and all except the prominent actors are crouching to the deck for the sake of concealment until the word is given for the murderous attack. One fellow standing on a cask is playing very innocently on a fiddle; and a knowing-looking lad sits perched up with a book in his hand pretending to read—obviously to help in keeping up the delusion that it is "all right" and pleasant on board. A broken spirit-chest shows that strong drinks have been pretty freely resorted to to bring up the courage or excite the ferocity of the ship's company. All who view this picture, after admiring the general dramatic effect, and the skillful grouping, will be struck with the great variety thrown into the expression of the faces, in which, however, the type of villainy and brutal sensuality still prevails as the only living principle. The general effect of atmosphere and *locale* also are well rendered; M. Biard having, we believe, had much personal experience of sea-life.

François Biard is a pupil of Revoil, school of Lyons. He received the second-class medal (genre) in 1828, the first-class medal in 1836, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1838.

THE ELEVENTH INDIANA ZOUAVES.

We devote page 452 to the Eleventh Indiana Zouaves Colonel Lewis Wallace, a regiment which is likely to make a name for itself in the present war. Some of our sketches are from photographs sent us from the West. Others from sketches by Mr. Gookins, to whom we have been frequently indebted for illustrations of the Eleventh Indiana boys. The camp of the Zouaves has been at Wills Gap, near Cumberland, a place somewhat noted, as it was on the mountain on which Wills Creek takes its rise that George Washington, then a provincial colonel, raised his flag while mustering his forces at Fort Cumberland to march under General Braddock to the memorable battle in which the latter was defeated. The "Camp Recreations" show that the Indiana boys, who are serious enough in fight, are as merry as ever when the grim work of war is over. The illustrations of the drill and manœuvres—from photographs—are quite striking.

SPEAKER GROW.

On page 461 we publish a portrait of Speaker Grow, of the House of Representatives, from a photograph by Brady.

Galusha A. Grow was born at Ashford, Windham County, Connecticut, on 31st August, 1823, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age. His father dying when he was three years old, young Grow, with five brothers and sisters, was left dependent on his mother for support. That lady took a farm, and opened a little store at Voluntown, in Windham County, and managed so well that she not only educated her whole family but actually realized a little competency besides. When Galusha was eleven years of age his mother turned all her little property into money, and removed to Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, where her sons commenced the lumbering business. It is recorded of Galusha that when he was twelve years old he would stay a week or ten days alone in the woods, looking up big trees, and trusting to himself for a supply of food, and that when he was fourteen he was quite well known as a dealer in lumber in the region in which he lived.

At seventeen, Galusha's brothers sent him to college; after graduating he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1850. In that same year he was elected to Congress as a Democrat, being the youngest member of the Thirty-second Congress. He has retained the seat ever since; his third reelection was unanimous, all parties being perfectly satisfied with his course in the House. On Mr. Banks's election Mr. Grow became one of the leaders, if not the leader of Congress, and was Republican candidate for Speaker when Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, was elected. He has now been elected to preside over the House; and from his first speech we judge that he will do it thoroughly.

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